

H Y M N S.

THE
PUBLIC WORSHIP
AND
PRIVATE DEVOTIONS
OF
TRUE CHRISTIANS ASSISTED,
IN
SOME THOUGHTS IN VERSE:

PRINCIPALLY DRAWN FROM
SELECT PASSAGES OF THE WORD OF GOD.

BY SAMUEL MEDLEY.

*In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts
delight my soul.*

Ps. xciv. 19.

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P R E F A C E.

KIND READER,

NOT a proud and haughty conceit of my abilities; not a foolish vain desire of seeing my poor productions in print; not to make myself or worthless name popular; not to oppose myself to, or compare myself with, the many great and able pens, which have already in this way done so much for the church of Christ, is the occasion of my permitting these my poor labours to appear in public: but, 1. The repeated and earnest entreaty of many worthy and pious friends, whose judgment in this respect it well becomes me, modestly to prefer to my own: 2. A sincere and humble desire to use and improve the talent (such as it is) with which my Lord has intrusted me: 3. A wish, to encourage and comfort the hearts of true christians of every denomination, both in public and private; for thou wilt, I trust, find nothing here, which favours of a party, contracted, or bigotted spirit: 4. And above all, a desire to glorify my great God and Redeemer, whose glorious person, precious name, heavenly love, and everlasting salvation, are the subjects here treated on.

Such

Such as they are, he affectionately presents them to thee; and, conscious of his own meanness and vileness, prostrates both himself and them at the feet of his dear Lord and Master, humbly praying he will graciously pardon what is amiss, and sweetly attend with his gracious blessing to thy soul whatever in them is agreeable to his holy word and will; and to his name be all the glory, for ever and ever.

I remain,

Kind Reader,

Thy affectionate friend,

and willing servant,

in our common Lord and Saviour,

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

H Y M N I.

Sing forth the Honour of his Name, make his Praise
glorious. Pf. lxvi. 2.

- 1 NOT of terrestrial mortal themes,
Not of the world's delusive dreams
My soul attempts to sing :
But of that theme divinely true,
Ever delightful, ever new,
My JESUS and my King.
- 2 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine !
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.
- 3 Upon the theme I'd ever dwell,
And in transporting raptures tell
What I in JESUS see ;
I'd sing with more than mortal voice,
And lose my life amidst the joys
Of what he is to me.
- 4 Prostrate before his throne I'd fall,
And bless his holy name for all
The riches of his grace :

I'd sing, how glorious power subdu'd,
 I'd sing, how sovereign love renew'd
 The vilest of the race.

5 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine :
 I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
 In which all perfect heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.

6 I'd sing the characters he bears,
 And all the forms of love he wears
 Exalted on his throne :
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all his glories known :

7 But ah ! I'm still in clay confin'd,
 And mortal passions clog my mind,
 And downward drag me still :
 O when shall I attain the skies,
 And to immortal glories rise
 On Zion's heavenly hill !

8 Well, the delightful day will come,
 When he, dear Lord ! will bring me home,
 And I shall see his face :
 There with my Saviour, brother, friend,
 A blest'd eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in his grace.

H Y M N II.
TO JESUS CHRIST.

- I OF JESUS, my Saviour, I sing,
His person, his name, and his love;
To him the glad tribute I bring,
For O how his goodness I prove!
Come ye, who have tasted his grace,
And cheerfully join in the song,
Let holy rejoicing take place,
To JESUS our praises belong.
- 2 O sing of his beauty divine,
For none upon earth is so fair,
His glories the heavens out-shine,
Not angels can with him compare!
His brightness eclipses the sun,
And darkens the radiant stars;
By dying, his conquests he won,
And glory beams forth from his scars!
- 3 O sing of his wonderful name
With extacy, rapture, and joy!
And let his celestial fame
Your loudest hosannahs employ.
His name is in heaven ador'd
By all the bright legions on high;
They hail him their King and their Lord,
And sound forth his praise thro' the sky.
- 4 Tell, tell to the ends of the earth
The victories JESUS has won;
And sing the high praises and worth
Of God the omnipotent Son.

His throne is exalted on high,
 Sweet majesty sits on his brow ;
 When seraphs to JESUS draw nigh,
 They wonder, and worship, and bow.

- 5 O sing of his infinite love,
 That theme so delightfully sweet !
 And copy the choirs above
 'Till with them in heaven we meet.
 Oh then how unspeakably high
 Our bliss and our triumph shall rise !
 " Hosannah to JESUS ! " we'll cry,
 And join in the songs of the skies.

H Y M N III. *Another.*

- 1 O NOW for a rapture divine as the theme
 Of JESUS' compassion ! who dy'd to redeem
 The vilest of sinners from bondage and thrall,
 That they might adore him, and bless him for all.
- 2 Wake every passion with pleasure and joy,
 And join the seraphic, delightful employ,
 To sing forth the praises of JESUS's name,
 And all his celestial glories proclaim.
- 3 Bright Seraphs, attend ! all your harmony bring,
 And teach us poor mortals his triumphs to sing ;
 You well know the subject, the music, the song,
 And all the hosannahs, which to him belong.
- 4 Encircled with glory, and splendor divine,
 Does he on his throne in sweet majesty shine ;

His

His smiles fill all heaven with joy and delight,
And angels press forward, and gaze on the sight.

- 5 They gaze, and they wonder, they worship, and
sing
In raptures immortal to Jesus their King;
They wait on his triumph, and dwell on his
praise,
In anthems the sweetest their powers can raise.
- 6 Then let us poor sinners, redeem'd by his blood,
Adore the great name of our Saviour and God,
And vie with the Seraphs in heavenly lays,
To sound forth his glory, and publish his praise.
- 7 To JESUS, JEHOVAH! enthroned above,
In songs we present our affectionate love,
And join the harmonious strains of the sky,
While "*Worthy the Lamb!*" we adoringly cry.
- 8 Let this be on earth our delightful employ,
In heaven our glorious permanent joy,
To sing of our JESUS, th' eternal "I AM!"
And join in the chorus of "*Worthy the Lamb!*"

H Y M N IV.

And this is my Friend. Sol. Song, v. 16.

- 1 COME, let us here rejoice to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise,
Up to the heavens our voices send,
And JESUS sing, our heavenly friend.

- 2 Sweet are the accents of his name,
 Vast as eternity his fame!
 What heart can fully comprehend
 The boundless glories of this friend!
- 3 O let us make his name our trust,
 He is a Saviour wise and just;
 On his almighty arm depend,
 He is a try'd, a faithful friend.
- 4 He will our every want supply,
 In every trouble will be nigh;
 Will love and save us to the end;
 O bless and praise this precious friend.
- 5 Come, guilty sinners, plead his name,
 JESUS for ever is the same:
 He to your souls will peace extend,
 And prove himself your truest friend.
- 6 Grant, dearest Lord! we each may prove
 Thy power, thy presence, and thy love;
 And everlasting ages spend
 In sacred praise to thee, our friend.

H Y M N V.

Fear not, thou Worm. Isa. xli. 14.

- 1 YE humble souls, in God rejoice,
 And listen to the Saviour's voice;
 His voice shall every fear disarm,
 And JESUS says, "*Fear not, thou worm!*"

- 2 He knows you're sinful, vile, and weak,
And often scarce a word can speak :
He sees what fears your souls alarm,
And kindly says, "*Fear not, thou worm !*"
- 3 In all the conflicts ye pass through,
His precious promise keep in view :
Thro' this you wonders will perform,
Because he says, "*Fear not, thou worm !*"
- 4 In every strait he'll help you still,
And you with strength and courage fill ;
He'll guard your trembling souls from harm,
And smiling say, "*Fear not, thou worm !*"
- 5 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Let nought on earth your hearts dismay,
Boldly, in him, face every storm,
Since thus he says, "*Fear not, thou worm !*"
- 6 When the great change, by death, shall come,
And JESUS call your spirits home,
You'll die reposing on his arm,
And hear him say, "*Fear not, thou worm !*"
- 7 Then shall you reach that blissful shore
Where sin and death are known no more ;
And wear a bright celestial form,
And ever sing, "*Fear not, thou worm !*"

HYMN VI.

✓ All my Springs are in thee. Ps. lxxxvii. 7.

- 1 Now, dearest Lord! to praise thy name
Let all our powers agree;
Worthy art thou of endless fame,
Our springs are all in Thee.
- 2 Here in thy love will we rejoice,
All sov'reign, rich, and free,
Singing (we hope with heart and voice)
Our springs are still in Thee.
- 3 To whom, dear Jesus! O to whom
Should needy sinners flee,
But to thyself, who bid'st us come?
Our springs are all in Thee.
- 4 Some tempted, weak, and trembling faint
Before thee now may be;
Let not his hopes or wishes faint,
His springs are all in Thee.
- 5 The poor supply, the wounded heal,
Let sinners such as we
Salvation's blessings taste, and feel
Our springs are all in Thee.
- 6 When we arrive at Zion's hill,
And all thy glories see,
Our joyful songs shall echo still,
Our springs are all in Thee.

HYMN VII.
TO JESUS CHRIST.

1. DEAR JESUS! to thee
I thankfully flee,
Thou life and delight of thy saints!
'Tis of thee I sing,
And to thee I bring
My sorrows, and fears, and complaints.
2. For thou, Lord! alone
Did'st for me atone,
When hanging on Calvary's tree;
The work was divine,
The glory be thine,
Who diedst for poor sinners, like me.
3. Thy powerful arm
Defends me from harm,
While I in this wilderness dwell;
It for me provides,
And with me abides,
And crushes the powers of hell.
4. Thy wisdom divine
Continues to shine,
And still guides me safely along,
And all through the way,
By night and by day,
Affords me a comforting song.

- 5 Thy heavenly care
Is sure to prepare
A kind and a constant supply ;
It fills me with food,
Celestial and good,
And hears me whenever I cry.
- 6 Thy faithfulness, Lord !
Reveal'd in thy word,
Revives and rejoices my heart ;
It ever endures,
And sweetly assures
That from me thou ne'er wilt depart.
- 7 But still in my song
I earnestly long
To see thee in glory above ;
There ever to sing
My God and my King,
In strains of celestial love.

H Y M N VIII.

Christ the Pearl of great Price. Matt. xiii. 46.

- 1 LET every tuneful pow'r awake,
And all our passions raise,
While with our grateful tongues we speak
The great Redeemer's praise.
- 2 His matchless lustre and his worth
The brightest pearl outshine ;
Nature can never set him forth,
Whose beauties are divine.

A Pearl,

(F I)

- 3 A Pearl, a pearl beyond compare
For worth and virtue too !
Thrice happy souls, whose zeal and care
This precious pearl pursue !
- 4 Of brightest gems how small the loss,
This pearl of price to gain !
Gladly you'd part with all as loss,
Vile, worthless, poor, and vain.
- 5 Let those who this bright pearl possess
Look up to heaven, and own,
That what they are, they are by grace,
Free grace in Christ alone.
- 6 O that poor sinners may be brought
This glorious pearl to seek,
And be by sweet experience taught,
Thy praises, Lord ! to speak.

H Y M N IX.

The great Trumpet of the Gospel. Isa. xxvii. 13.

- 1 WITH solemn awe on hearts and tongues
To thee, great God ! we raise our songs ;
Impart thy spirit's sacred flame,
And tune our souls to sing thy name.
- 2 Let fervent, holy, humble love
In raptures lead our souls above ;
And every pow'r shall join to bless
Eternal love and sovereign grace.

- 3 We hail the Gospel's joyful sound,
There life, eternal life, is found :
Blow this great trumpet, mighty Lord !
That souls may hear, and feel thy word.
- 4 Now may some poor lost sinner say,
" This was the great, the glorious day,
When JESUS did his power impart,
And this great trumpet reach'd my heart."
- 5 Assyria's proud and haughty boast,
Souls in Egyptian darkness lost,
Shall come and worship at thy throne,
And grace's mighty conquest own.
- 6 Thus, dearest Lord ! new trophies gain,
Exert thy pow'r, extend thy reign :
Let all our souls with praise abound
For the great trumpet's joyful sound.

H Y M N X.

A SOLILOQUY.

- 1 HARK ! my soul, 'tis JESUS speaking,
He whom thou hast long been seeking :
What a promise does he make thee !
" I'll ne'er leave thee, nor forsake thee."
- 2 By the world thou'rt little prized,
Often for a fool despised ;
But should all on earth reject thee,
He'll ne'er leave thee nor forsake thee.
- Though by hosts of hell surrounded,
Thou shalt never be confounded ;

Though

- Though fierce storms may overtake thee,
He'll ne'er leave thee, nor forsake thee.
- 4 Though thou'rt poor, and daily crying,
All that 's needful he 's supplying,
All thy wants shall never break thee,
He'll ne'er leave thee, nor forsake thee.
- 5 As a pilgrim and a stranger,
Oft thy way seems full of danger ;
Yet through all will JESUS guide thee,
Ne'er to leave thee, nor forsake thee.
- 6 When thy earthly friends are failing,
And a wicked world is railing,
Straight to JESUS' arm betake thee,
He'll ne'er leave thee, nor forsake thee.
- 7 Never start at thoughts of dying, —
Still on JESUS' love relying ;
Though the fear of death may shake thee,
He'll ne'er leave thee, nor forsake thee.
- 8 On that awful, glorious morning
Of thy dearest Lord's returning,
Joyful from the grave he'll wake thee,
Ne'er to leave thee, nor forsake thee.
- 9 Then, with all the saints surrounded,
Fill'd with love and joy unbounded,
To the realms of bliss he'll take thee,
Ne'er to leave thee, nor forsake thee.
- 10 There, in songs of heavenly glory,
Thou'lt relate th' amazing story,
Telling what his grace did make thee,
Ne'er to leave thee, nor forsake thee,

H Y M N XI.

A Word of Comfort.

Fear not ye ; I know that ye seek Jesus, that was crucified.
Matt. xxviii. 5.

- 1 OUR kind and condescending Lord,
Who knows his people's fears,
Here sends a soul-supporting word,
To stop their falling tears.
- 2 " Fear not," says he, " ye trembling souls,
Who thus my presence seek,
Compassion in my bosom rolls,
To you, to you I speak :
- 3 " I know the groans, the mournful sighs,
Which from your hearts proceed ;
To me lift up your weeping eyes,
For you I came to bleed.
- 4 " Ye seek my presence and my love,
Nor shall you seek in vain ;
I your unchanging friend will prove,
I 'll visit you again.
- 5 " Seek me in my appointed ways,
Around my table meet,
I 'll turn your sighs to joyful praise,
And make the banquet sweet."
- 6 Thus, dearest Saviour ! meet us here,
While we surround thy board,
O let thy blissful smiles appear,
And joy and heaven afford.

H Y M N XII.

In my Distress I called on the Lord. Ps. xviii. 6.

JESUS, my Lord ! my life ! my all !
Prostrate before 'thy throne I fall ;
Fain would my soul look up, and see
My hope, my heaven, my all, in thee.

- 2 Here in this world of sin and woe
I'm fill'd with tossings to and fro ;
Burden'd with sin, with fear oppress'd,
And nothing here can give me rest.
- 3 In vain from creatures help I seek,
Thou, only thou, the word canst speak,
To heal my wounds, and calm my grief,
Or give my mournful heart relief.

- 4 Lord ! I am vile, and poor, and weak,
Yet will I for thy mercy seek :
I therefore cannot turn away,
But wait to hear what thou wilt say.

- 5 O speak ! and bid my soul rejoice ;
I long to hear thy pard'ning voice :
Say " peace ! be still ! look up and live,
Life, peace, and heaven, are mine to give."

- 6 Without thy peace and presence, Lord !
Not all the world can help afford :
O do not frown my soul away,
Lord ! smile my darkness into day.

- 7 Then, fill'd with grateful holy love,
My soul in praise shall soar above ;
And with delightful joy record
The wond'rous goodness of my Lord.

H Y M N XIII.

Her Ways are Ways of pleasantness, and all her Paths
are Peace. Prov. iii. 17.

- 1 JESUS! thy sacred Name we blefs,
Nor shall our praises cease,
For all thy ways are pleasantness,
And all thy paths are peace.
- 2 With thankful joy we here confess,
And may that joy increase,
That all thy ways are pleasantness,
And all thy paths are peace.
- 3 Our highest songs can ne'er express
The glories of thy grace,
Whose ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
- 4 Still in thy strength we'll onward press,
Nor shall our zeal decrease,
For all thy ways are pleasantness,
And all thy paths are peace.
- 5 When from this howling wilderness
Death shall our souls release,
We'll own thy ways are pleasantness,
And all thy paths are peace.
- 6 When we, in heaven, thy throne address,
We'll sing, we'll never cease;
That all thy ways are pleasantness,
And all thy paths are peace.

HYMN XIV.

A poor Sinner at the Throne of Grace.

- 1 **H**ow glad was my poor heart to hear
The Lord's dear children say,
"Come, let us to his house repair,
To praise his name and pray!"
- 2 Among them, Lord! behold me come,
A sinner, vile and poor:
Thy word informs me there is room,
Nor hast thou shut the door.
- 3 I'll venture then, and at his feet
My sinful soul I'll lay,
Hoping he'll one in mercy meet
While with his saints I pray.
- 4 A wretched outcast, poor and mean,
A sinner all defil'd;
Say, dearest Lord! can I be clean,
Can I be made thy child?
- 5 Merit or power, Lord! I've none,
Nor strength to will or do,
Yet help, O God! is laid on One,
Who faithful is and true.
- 6 **J**ESUS! that name for ever dear,
I make my only plea,
Oh will he now in love appear,
And turn and look on me?
- 7 My fears prevent, my guilt remove,
And melt my rocky heart;

One blissful smile O let me prove
Before I hence depart.

- 8 Then will I join to bless thy name,
And with thy saints rejoice;
And to a list'ning world proclaim
How God has heard my voice.

H Y M N XVI.

But he answered not a Word. Matt. xv. 23.

- 1 ONCE a poor sinner cry'd
To JESUS CHRIST the Lord,
Who seem'd his heart and face to hide,
Nor answer'd her a word.
- 2 So, in distress, have I
His gracious aid implor'd,
Who yet seem'd deaf to all my cry,
Nor answer'd me a word.
- 3 Affecting case indeed!
Will he no help afford?
Has he left off to intercede,
Who answers not a word?
- 4 Ah! must I beg in vain
Before this loving Lord?
Will he still hear my soul complain,
And answer not a word?
- 5 Oh must I perish here,
And will not he regard?
He knows my overwhelming fear,
But answers not a word.

6 And

- 6 And must I give it up ?
 Is JESU's heart grown hard ?
 And must I drink this bitter cup,
 And he not speak a word ?
- 7 Will he reject my soul ?
 Is all his mercy barr'd ?
 A look from him would make me whole,
 Who answers not a word.
- 8 Yes, I'll entreat him still,
 This sha'nt my prayer retard ;
 I'll trust his name, I'll wait his will,
 Ere long he'll speak the word.
- 9 My soul, in him rejoice,
 Thy suit shall be preferr'd,
 He hears thy mournful, plaintive voice,
 And soon he'll speak the word.
- 10 Then will I sing, and say
 " Let JESUS be ador'd,"
 Who has not frown'd my soul away,
 But spoke the healing word.

HYMN XVII.

Emanuel. Matt. i. 23.

- 1 Now let a song of sacred joy
 Our voices and our hearts employ,
 While we on earth attempt to tell
 The glories of *Emanuel*.
- 2 Far, far above the glittering skies,
 Beyond the reach of mortal eyes,
 Does he in radiant glory dwell,
 Our Saviour God, *Emanuel*.

Seraphs

- 3 Seraphs and angels round his throne
Unite, to make his glories known,
Yet does he all their praise excel,
So great is our *Emanuel*.
- 4 The highest notes their harps can raise
Fall far below his glorious praise,
Nor can the softest anthem tell
The glories of *Emanuel*.
- 5 Yet fain would we with angels join
In praise and worship so divine,
Of him to sing becomes us well;
Who bears this name, *Emanuel*.
- 6 He's "*God with us*," and may the name
Our souls with holy love inflame,
For ever on his praise to dwell
As our ador'd *Emanuel*.
- 7 For us he left the worlds above
On wings of everlasting love,
With sinful worms on earth to dwell,
And thus appear'd *Emanuel*.
- 8 Hail, great Redeemer, all divine !
In whom eternal glories shine ;
With joy to all the world we tell
Our *JESUS* is *Emanuel*.
- 9 Accept, dear Lord ! the highest praise
Our hearts and voices here can raise ;
With thee ere long we hope to dwell,
And ever sing *Emanuel*.

HYMN XVIII.

I will sing of the Mercies of the Lord for ever. Ps. lxxxix. 1.

- 1 OF mercies I'll for ever sing,
To God, my Saviour and my King,
To Him my soul in praise I'll pour,
His mercies evermore endure.
- 2 His mercies are divinely free,
His mercies pardon guilty me ;
His mercies to my soul are sure,
His mercies evermore endure.
- 3 His mercies heal me when I'm weak,
His mercies I'll for ever seek ;
His mercies are my balm and cure,
His mercies evermore endure.
- 4 His mercies wond'rous things perform,
His mercies help a helpless worm ;
His mercies make my state secure,
His mercies evermore endure.
- 5 His mercies lead me in the way,
His mercies feed me day by day ;
His mercies still my soul allure,
His mercies evermore endure.
- 6 His mercies give me life and breath,
His mercies for me conquer death ;
His mercies all my heaven insure,
His mercies evermore endure.
- 7 His mercies all my praises claim,
His mercies always are the same ;

His

His mercies do my soul assure,
His mercies evermore endure.

- 8 His mercies I adore and love,
His mercies reign in heaven above;
His mercies will salvation bring,
His mercies I'll for ever sing.

H Y M N XIX.

Why weepest thou ? Whom seekest thou ? John xx. 15.

- 1 WHEN Zion's mourners weep, and seek
An absent hidden Lord,
'Tis none but JESUS then can speak
A soul-supporting word.

- 2 Here, dearest Lord ! before thy throne
I weep, and seek thy face ;
Thy comforts, Lord ! and thine alone,
Can suit my mournful case.

- 3 I weep and seek, and well I may,
When JESUS does withdraw,
Sad darkness clouds my happy day,
And fills my soul with awe.

- 4 But hear, my soul, the Saviour speak,
See him in love draw nigh ;
" Why dost thou weep ? Whom dost thou seek ?
Behold me, it is I."

- 5 Dear Lord ! I weep, and seek, and pray,
That on me thou would'st look,
And take this heart of stone away,
O let it here be broke.

6 " Look

- 6 "Look then," says JESUS, "look on me,
I live, who once was dead ;
And when I hung on Calv'ry's tree,
For thee I wept and bled.
- 7 "For thee I left the realms above,
For thee I groan'd and dy'd ;
I fought and found thee by my love,
And for thee I'll provide."
- 8 Lord ! may I weep for nought but sin,
And after none but thee ;
Then may I from this time begin,
And such a weeper be.
- 9 Yet there 's a happy day to come,
When all my tears shall cease,
When I shall reach my heavenly home
In endless joy and peace.

✓
HYMN XX.

The Throne of Grace.

- 1 DEAR Lord ! to us assembled here
Reveal thy smiling face,
While we with humble love and fear
Approach the *Throne of Grace*.
- 2 Thy house is call'd the house of pray'r,
A solemn sacred place !
O let us now thy presence share
While at the *Throne of Grace*.
- 3 With holy boldness may we come,
Though of a sinful race,

Thankful

Thankful to find there yet is room
Before the *Throne of Grace*.

4 Our earnest, fervent cry attend,
And all our faith increase,
While we our heavenly friend address
Upon a *Throne of Grace*.

5 His tender pity and his love
Our every fear shall chase,
And all our help we then shall prove
Comes from the *Throne of Grace*.

6 Dear Lord ! our many wants supply,
Attend to every case,
While humbled in the dust we lie
Low, at the *Throne of Grace*.

7 We bless thee for thy word and laws,
We bless thee for thy peace ;
And we do bless thee, Lord ! because
There is a *Throne of Grace*.

omit 3 last verse

~~HYMN XXI.~~

~~For a~~ New Year.

S. M.

1 ✓ GREAT God ! before thy throne
We joyfully appear,
In songs to make thy glories known,
And thus begin the Year.

2 What favours all divine !
What mercies shall we share !
What blessings all around us shine
To open this New Year !

3 Indulgent

- 3 Indulgent goodness spares
And still preserves us here,
And bounty all divine prepares
Supplies for this New Year.
- 4 Our follies past forgive,
Our souls divinely cheer,
And help us more to thee to live,
Dear Lord, in this New Year.
- 5 Prepare us for thy will,
Whatever may appear,
And let thy loving kindness still
Preserve us through the Year.
- 6 Confirm our souls in thee,
In faith and holy fear,
And let a precious JESUS be
Our song through all the Year. *NR*
- 7 In holiness and love
O may we persevere,
And strength derive from thee above,
To help us all the Year.
- 8 If thou grant life and breath,
We'll bless thee while we're here;
And if thou call us home by death,
'Twill be a happy Year.
- 9 To heaven thou wilt us raise,
And dry up all our tears;
And there we'll ever sing thy praise
Throughout eternal Years.

H Y M N XXII.

A New Year.

- 1 JESUS! O sweet transporting name!
To all believers dear;
Help us to sing thy glorious fame,
And thus begin the Year.
- 2 By faith in thee, O may we live
And walk with holy fear;
For every grace thou hast to give,
Lord, give to us this Year.
- 3 O may we look to thee by faith,
Our views be sweet and clear;
Then shall we welcome life or death,
And find a happy Year.
- 4 In JESUS, O what wond'rous grace
We've ever met with here!
Saviour, reveal thy smiling face
To brighten this New Year.
- 5 A heart renew'd to love thee, Lord,
And made by grace sincere,
To us, dear Jesus, now afford,
A gift for this New Year.
- 6 Through all this vale of tears and woe,
Afflictions, death, and fear,
Saviour, thy tender pity show,
And keep us through the Year.
- 7 To thee, dear Lord, our souls we give,
For us do there appear,
And let thy smiles, on which we live,
Begin and end the Year.

H Y M N XXIII.

New Year.

- 1 O, our God and Father ! hear us,
While before thy throne we fall ;
Jesus, on thy heart still bear us,
While on thee for help we call :
Grant us still thy kind compassion,
Guide and guard us from on high,
Visit us with thy salvation,
To us be for ever nigh.
- 2 Blessings great thou art bestowing
On such sinful worms as we,
And hereby art daily showing
All our springs are still in thee :
By thy tender mercy spared
We begin another Year,
May our hearts be all prepared,
Now to sing thy praises here !
- 3 O thou kind and heavenly donor
Of the favours we enjoy,
Now thy gracious name to honour,
Be our souls divine employ !
Teach and help us, Lord, to praise thee,
Who thy goodness richly prove ;
Let united songs address thee,
Fill'd with gratitude and love.
- 4 In thine arms still kindly take us,
Still our ways and goings bless ;
Never leave us, nor forsake us,
O thou God of sovereign grace !

For thy holy will prepare us,
 While we are sojourners here ;
 And if thou art pleas'd to spare us,
 Lord, make this a happy Year.

- 5 But we hope and wait believing,
 For a brighter world to come,
 Ever there to be receiving
 Glory—in our heavenly home :
 There, when mortal life is ended,
 And when time shall be no more,
 There thy praise shall be extended
 Ever—yes—for evermore.

H Y M N XXIV.

Ebenezer, for a New Year.

- 1 GREAT God of glory, power, and love,
 Tune thou our hearts to holy praise ;
 Let us thy gracious presence prove,
 While we our *Ebenezer* raise.
- 2 'Tis by thy kind indulgent hand,
 Thy tender mercy and thy care,
 That here before *the Lord* we stand,
 Our *Ebenezers* to declare.
- 3 What scenes of mercy all divine
 Have open'd, clos'd, and crown'd the year !
 And now a new one we begin,
 We raise our *Ebenezer* here.

4 Our

- 4 Our helper, God ! thy name we blefs,
And to thy sacred footstool bring
The monument of thankfulness,
And *Ebenezer* humbly sing.
- 5 From every potent, crafty foe,
Thy help our sure defence has been :
How often in this world of woe
Thy *Ebenezers* have we seen !
- 6 In duties, trials, dangers too,
What wond'rous help dost thou afford !
Now let our grateful praises shew
Our *Ebenezer* is the Lord.
- 7 Still to thy gracious help we fly,
Nor other helper will we own,
Whether we live this Year or die,
Our *Ebenezer's* God alone.
- 8 We know not what may intervene,
But in thy praise we'll spend our breath ;
And when we close this mortal scene,
An *Ebenezer* sing in death.

H Y M N XXV.

New Year.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! God of Love !
Whose kind compassion still we prove, —
Our praise accept, and blefs us here,
As brought to this—*another year*.
- 2 We sing thy goodness all divine,
Whose radiant beams around us shine ;

'Tis thro' thy goodness we appear
Spared to this—*another year.*

- 3 What shall we render to thy name ?
Or how thy glorious praise proclaim ?
Whose constant, kind, indulgent care,
Has brought us to—*another year.*
- 4 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
A constant ever-flowing tide,
Have closely follow'd us while here,
And brought us to—*another year.*
- 5 Thy bounty, pity, patience too,
With thankful hearts, Lord, we review ;
And own we've had a plenteous share,
To bring us to—*another year.*
- 6 Our souls, our all, we here resign ;
Make us, and keep us, ever thine :
And grant, that in thy love and fear
We may begin—*another year.*
- 7 Be this our sweet experience still,
To know and do thine holy will ;
Then shall our souls with joy sincere
Bless thee for this—*another year.*
- 8 Help us to walk as in thy fight,
With growing pleasure and delight ;
Then, whether life or death appear,
We'll bless thee for—*another year.*
- 9 Still, Lord, thro' life thy love display,
And then in death's approaching day
We'll joyful part with all that's here,
Nor wish on earth—*another year.*

H Y M N XXVI.

Addressed to young Persons on the beginning of a New Year. 1 Kings xiv. 13. "Because in him is found some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel."

- 1 YE lovely tribes in youthful bloom,
A sweet and smiling joy assume,
Come, and with cheerful voices raise
To God your grateful songs of praise.
- 2 With humble hearts his Name adore,
Thankful repeat his mercies o'er,
Goodness divine has brought you here,
His name to bless on this New Year.
- 3 Kindly he makes your lives his care,
Richly his favours still you share;
Now to the God of grace and truth
Devote your prime and flower of youth.
- 4 Think how the young Abijah stood,
Blooming in youth, belov'd of God;
This all his youthful beauty crown'd,
That in him some good thing was found.
- 5 Almighty grace his mind renew'd,
And all his soul to God subdu'd;
'Twas love divine, which form'd his heart
To love and choose the better part.
- 6 'Twas mercy call'd him from the skies;
'Twas heavenly teaching made him wise;
And God's bright image on his soul
Adorn'd, and bless'd, and crown'd the whole.

- 7 Dear monument of grace and truth,
Thus liv'd and dy'd this happy youth ;
May each dear youth to pray incline,
" Lord, let Abijah's case be mine !
- 8 " May I possess Abijah's name,
' God is my Father,'—happy claim !
May I possess the same rich grace,
And live and die with God in peace !
- 9 " O may my soul in grace abound,
And in me those good things be found,
Abijah's God to me appear,
And smile and bless me this New Year."

H Y M N XXVII.

The same. Psalm civ. 12.

- 1 YE lovely tribes of smiling Youth,
Attend the voice of sacred truth ;
Your parents hope, and joy, and boast,
Let not the word on you be lost.
- 2 As plants you flourish, thrive, and grow :
But do you God the Saviour know ?
In age and stature you increase :
But do you know the God of grace ?
- 3 Ah ! let not sin consume the prime
Of youthful, healthful, precious time !
Do not these golden hours destroy
In pride, or lustful, carnal joy.
- 4 As plants of piety and grace,
The strength and glory of your race,

O may you grow, and thrive, and shine,
In beauties heavenly and divine.

5. May God his feat implant within ;
Then you'll detest and fly from sin,
And your dear parents pleas'd will view
Christ's lovely image form'd in you.
- 6 Then shall our sons and daughters stand
Planted and polish'd by thy hand,
Our sons obey Jehovah's rod,
Our daughters palaces for God.
- 7 Dear Lord, bow down thy gracious ear,
Regard each pious parent's prayer,
Bless our beloved rising race,
And crown their souls with saving grace.
- 8 Before our eyes are clos'd in death,
Or we to God resign our breath,
O that we may our children see
Brought home by sovereign love to Thee.
- 9 That you, dear youths, may know the Lord,
Walk in his ways, and love his word,
Grow up in grace and holy fear,
God send you each a Happy Year !

H Y M N XXVIII.

A Reflection at the End of the Year.

- 1 God of my life, and all my hope !
Whose mercies bear my spirits up,
Thankful to thee my soul would raise
A monumental song of praise.

C 5

2 Through

2 Through all my life's amazing scene,
How great have thy compassions been !
How has thy goodness, love, and power,
Preserv'd me to the present hour !

3 Indulgent bounties all around
My being and my life have crown'd ;
Unnumber'd blessings, rich and free,
Hast thou bestow'd on worthless me.

4 How do I still from year to year
Thy pity and thy patience share !
Upheld by thee, I still am found
Alive on sparing mercy's ground.

5 But above all, dear Lord, I bless
Thy sovereign, free, almighty grace,
Which has my sinful soul renew'd,
And my rebellious heart subdu'd.

6 O Lord, exert thy glorious power,
Renew my soul yet more and more ;
I've many evils still within,
And groan beneath a load of sin.

7 My heart both sinful is and sad,
And prone to all that 's vile and bad,
Snares and temptations round me roll,
And Satan watches for my soul.

8 How often, as I march along,
I feel grace weak, corruption strong !
Frequent I think, were grace alive,
Could I so faintly fight and strive ?

- 9 What hosts of foes around me press,
 Who often fill me with distress !
 This to my mind that Scripture brings,
Who is sufficient for these things ?
- 10 Yet, Lord, though foes and fears abound,
 Thy grace sufficient still I've found ;
 And all along my soul has seen,
 That as my day my strength has been.
- 11 In sickness, with attendant pain,
 Thou'st heard my feeble soul complain,
 And often heal'd me with a touch,
 Ner have I had one stroke too much.
- 12 And after all these scenes of love
 Shall this vile heart ungrateful prove,
 Abuse thy goodness, scorn thy rod ?
 Forbid it, O my gracious God !
- 13 Pardon, dear Lord ! my follies past,
 Guide, guard, and bring me home at last ;
 Still for my help my God appear,
 And let thy smiles conclude the Year.
- 14 Should'st thou be pleas'd my life to spare
 To, in, or through another year,
 This gracious boon O grant to me,
 That I may live alone to thee !
- 15 Before thee, then, shall I rejoice,
 And sing with cheerful heart and voice ;
 Come life or death, a choice I've none,
 Thy will, thy holy will be done.

HYMN XXIX.

The close of the Year.

- 1 HEAV'NLY Father! here we bless thee,
 All thy goodness we adore;
 And with humble songs address thee,
 God of mercy, love, and pow'r!
 Thou hast been our great salvation,
 Thro' the world's deceitful maze;
 Thro' affliction and temptation,
 Thou hast kept us all our days.
- 2 Having help from thee obtained,
 Here before thee, Lord, we stand;
 Foes and fears thou has restrained,
 By thy gracious, mighty hand;
 Ev'ry want hast thou supplied,
 Life, and health, and needful food;
 Nothing has thy love denied,
 Which thou knew'st would do us good.
- 3 But renewing love and favour
 In us wrought by sovereign grace,
 Thro' a dear and precious Saviour,
 Call for songs of loudest praise:
 Here-our sins are all forgiven;
 Here our mighty debt is paid;
 Here we've peace, and peace with heav'n,
 Made in him our living Head.
- 4 He, dear Shepherd, kindly sought us,
 Strong, to save us he drew near;
 Hitherto his love has brought us,
 And we close another year.

Pardon,

Pardon, Lord, our ev'ry failing ;
 O forgive our follies past ;
 Let thy grace be still prevailing,
 Safe to bring us home at last.

- 5 If another year thou spare us,
 Grace, and strength, and mercy give ;
 For thy holy will prepare us,
 Whether we shall die or live.
 Now to God, the great Jehovah,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be the highest praise for ever,
 Here, and by the heav'nly host !

H Y M N XXX.

At a Prayer Meeting.

- 1 ONCE more we are met in JESUS's name,
 Nor can we forget, his praise to proclaim ;
 And while we are singing his name and his love,
 O may he be bringing us help from above.
- 2 Then, Lord, in thy name we ever will trust,
 Thou still art the same, most holy and just ;
 We humbly adore thee, who sit'st on the throne,
 And bow low before thee, thy godhead to own.
- 3 Now, Lord, set us free from bondage and thrall,
 And here let us see, that thou art our all,
 Our shield to protect us from every foe,
 Our guide to direct us, wherever we go.
- 4 O teach us to pray in faith and in love,
 That so our hearts may abundantly prove,
'Tis

- 'Tis good to draw near thee, our Lord and our
King,
To love and to fear thee, to worship and sing.
- 5 Assist every heart, to plead with thee, Lord,
And kindly impart thy spirit and word,
To save from distractions, from deadness and
pride,
And cause our affections with thee to abide.
- 6 Come, heavenly dove, thou spirit of prayer,
Descend from above, and comfort us here;
O shew forth thy power in every breast,
Then in this glad hour we each shall be blest.

HYMN XXXI.

Prayer Meeting.

- 1 THE hour of prayer once more is come,
And once more here we meet:
Thanks to the Lord, there yet is room
To bow at JESUS' feet.
- 2 By faith in prayer before Thee, Lord,
Help us to spread our case;
And to our waiting souls afford
Some tokens of thy grace:
- 3 The helpless, poor, and needy soul,
The tempted and distressed'd,
Dear Lord relieve, dear Lord make whole,
And calm each troubled breast.

4 The

- 4 The faith and hope, the joy and love
Of all thy saints increase ;
Hardness and blindness, Lord, remove,
And fill our hearts with peace.
- 5 The sick and weak, and those confin'd,
Upon our hearts we bear :
May they be to thy will resign'd,
And thy compassions share !
- 6 Our absent friends abroad at sea,
And those away by land,
We humbly, Lord, commit to thee,
O guard them by thy hand !
- 7 And now assist their souls, who may
Upon thee farther call ;
Hide not thy heav'nly face away,
But smile and bless us all.

H Y M N XXXII.

Is any afflicted, let him pray. James v. 13.

- 1 YE mourning, ye afflicted saints,
To God make known your soul's complaints ;
From him, O never turn away,
But, though afflicted, hope and pray.
- 2 He sees your sorrows, sighs, and tears ;
Then all your griefs, and all your fears,
Still at his sacred footstool lay,
And, though afflicted, wait and pray.
- 3 Remember what his truth has spoke ;
And O his truth can ne'er be broke !

Does

Does not the faithful record say,
" Strength shall be equal to thy day."

- 4 How true has this sweet promise stood !
" All things shall work, and work for good."
Do not his precious word gainsay,
But, though afflicted, wait and pray.
- 5 Still trust your wife, your faithful friend,
Ere long your sorrows all shall end,
And you with thankful joy shall say,
That God has heard the afflicted pray.
- 6 Take comfort, then, in all your straits,
Know, that his tender mercy waits,
His richest favours to display,
And ever hears you when you pray.

H Y M N XXXIIL.

God the object of Prayer.

- 1 GREAT God, before thy sacred throne
We sinful creatures bow ;
O let thine eye look gently down,
And meet and bless us now.
- 2 Help us to pray with holy awe,
With faith and humble love ;
And may thy spirit kindly draw
Our souls to thee above.
- 3 Deep in our inmost minds impress
The glories of thy name ;
O shew thy reconciled face,
And all thy love proclaim !

- 4 To thee, our God and King, we cry,
O hearken to our pray'r !
To thee, and none but thee, we fly ;
O make our souls thy care !
- 5 Hear us in Heaven, thy dwelling place,
While unto thee we pray ;
O glorify thy sovereign grace,
And take our sins away !
- 6 Our God, our hope, our heavenly Friend,
Our Father and our all ;
Our first great cause, and last great end,
On thee for help we call.
- 7 Thou art the glorious object, Lord,
Of prayer, of praise, and love ;
Now to our souls wilt thou afford
A taste of joys above ?

H Y M N XXXIV.

Pouring the Heart to God.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of grace,
Thy glories we revere ;
To us reveal thy smiling face,
And banish every fear,
- 2 Encourag'd by thy gracious word,
We venture near thy throne,
To pour our hearts before the Lord,
And all our wants make known.

3 Lord,

- 3 Lord, let not unbelief, nor pride,
Shut up our hearts from thee;
From these, and every sin beside,
Vouchsafe to set us free.
- 4 O 'tis a happy frame of mind,
When chasten'd by his rod,
Still to believe him good and kind,
And pour our hearts to God.
- 5 When we his gracious smiles enjoy,
And would those smiles secure,
Ever let this be our employ,
Our hearts to God to pour.
- 6 While in this sinful world we stay,
Let us resigned be;
And when by death we're call'd away,
We'll pour our hearts to thee.
- 7 But O we hope, ere long, to meet
With all thy saints above,
And pour our hearts at JESUS' feet,
In songs of joy and love!

H Y M N XXXV.

The Necessity of Prayer.

- 1 W H I L E harden'd sinners dare despise,
And scoff and mock at prayer,
Gladly to heaven we lift our eyes,
For all our hopes are there.

Not

- 2 The word, the power, the grace, the love,
Of Jesus will we plead;
He lives ! he ever lives above,
For us to intercede !
- 3 Sure ground, and sure foundation too,
We find in Jesus' name ;
Herein we every blessing view,
And every favour claim.
- 4 He by his name himself has bound,
The prayer of faith to grant ;
What blessings in his name are found,
Suited to every want !
- 5 Then let his name for ever be
To us supremely dear ;
Our only all-prevailing plea,
For all our hope is there.
- 6 This is the name the father loves
To hear his children plead ;
And all such pleading he approves,
And blesses them indeed.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

The Privileges of Prayer.

- 1 How shall our hearts or tongues express
The praises due to sovereign grace ;
That we, who Satan's paths have trod,
May here, in prayer, draw near to God !

- 2 In this great privilege we view
Our honour, pleasure, profit too ;
That we, let what will be our case,
May still draw near and seek thy face.
- 3 O look with pity on us, Lord,
Thy precious influence afford !
From chains and fetters set us free,
And help us to draw near to thee.
- 4 Be thou our chiefest joy below,
That we to God may daily go ;
That precious healing blood to plead,
By which we are brought near indeed.
- 5 When thro' the gloom of death we pass,
There shall we see thy smiling face,
And gladly drop this earthly clod,
And mount to heaven, and meet our God.
- 6 In that bright world, nor sin, nor fear,
Shall intercept our drawing near :
There sin and fear shall be destroy'd,
And God for ever be enjoy'd.

H Y M N XXXIX.

The Spirit and Grace of Prayer.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit ! mighty Lord !
Jehovah is thy name ;
Thy glories here will we record,
And sing thy wond'rous fame.

'Twas

- 2 'Twas thy almighty power and love,
Which call'd our souls from death ;
O raise our hearts to thee above,
In praise, while we have breath.
- 3 Of heavenly love thou art the pledge,
The witness, and the seal ;
O that, in prayer when we engage,
We may their influence feel !
- 4 Help our infirmities, we pray,
Our ignorance remove ;
O smile our darkness into day,
And fill us with thy love.
- 5 Our faint attempts, Lord, kindly own,
And for us intercede ;
Hear every sigh, and every groan,
Which from our hearts proceed.
- 6 View every pained, throbbing heart,
That would, but cannot pray ;
Thy gracious liberty impart,
To teach them what to say.
- 7 Great searcher of the heart ! to thee
Let every groan ascend ;
Thou know'st the Spirit's mind, and we
Upon his help depend.
- 8 He intercedes for every saint
According to thy will ;
True praying souls shall never faint,
For he is with them still.

H Y M N XL.

The various gifts of Prayer.

- 1 **AUTHOR** of every gift and grace !
On thee our souls rely ;
Do thou our mental darkness chase,
And bless us from on high.
- 2 How various, yet how kind and good
Are all thy gifts of Prayer !
So faithful has thy record stood,
Which we with joy declare.
- 3 The least and feeblest of thy saints
Some praying gifts attend ;
And he who 's strong, and seldom faints,
Must still on thee depend.
- 4 For gifts of prayer we bless thy name,
But most for grace we pray ;
For grace will ever be the same,
Though gifts should fade away.
- 5 Yet let our gifts and graces, Lord !
Thy wond'rous love proclaim,
Till we with rapturous joy record
In heaven thy glorious name.

H Y M N XLI.

The Trials and Temptations attending Prayer.

- 1 **DEAR** Saviour ! let thy gracious eye
In pity now look down,
While unto thee for help we cry,
And all our vileness own.

2 Often

- 2 Often beset with shame or fear
When we attempt to pray,
Or such confusions interfere,
We scarce know what to say.
- 3 Darkness and hardness, guilt and pride,
And Satan's craft and rage,
Make us our sinful faces hide,
And often fear to engage.
- 4 Lord ! let thy mighty power and love
Upon us be display'd,
Send thy good spirit from above,
And grant us timely aid.
- 5 Subdue these evils, dearest Lord !
Remove them far away,
And let thy gracious help afford
Renewed grace to pray.
- 6 Still, Lord ! uphold us in thy strength,
And we'll go on in prayer,
Till we arrive in heaven, at length,
To praise for ever there.

H Y M N XLII.

The Answer of Prayer.

- 1 COME, praying souls, rejoice,
And bless your Father's name ;
Joyful to him lift up your voice,
And all his love proclaim.

D

2 Your

- 2 Your mournful cry he hears,
He marks your feeblest groan,
Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,
And makes his mercy known.
- 3 To all his praying saints
He ever will attend ;
And to their sorrows and complaints
Will timely succour send.
- 4 Then blessed be the Lord !
Who has not turn'd away
His mercy, nor his precious word,
From those who love to pray.
- 5 No, still he bows his ear
In gentle pity down ;
For praying breath he loves to hear,
And praying souls he 'll crown.
- 6 Then let us still go on
In his appointed ways,
Rejoicing in his name alone,
In prayer and humble praise.

H Y M N XLIII.

The End and Issue of Prayer.

- 1 COME, let our souls rejoice, to sing
Our dear Redeemer's praise !
And before him, our heavenly King,
New songs of honour raise.

- 2 He hears our cries, and sees our tears,
Nor will he turn away,
But scatter all our doubts and fears,
And help us still to pray.
- 3 Stedfast, immoveable, and strong,
Lord make our hearts in prayer,
Whilst thou our lives on earth prolong
In zeal and holy fear.
- 4 Prayer is the work the Lord commands,
And owns, and honours too ;
To him we 'll lift our hearts and hands :
All worship is his due.
- 5 Nor shall our labour be in vain
In him our loving Lord,
Who will our faith and hope maintain,
And help us by his word.
- 6 Wait on him then, each praying soul,
And humbly trust his grace ;
The happy end will crown the whole,
And you shall see his face.
- 7 There to eternity you 'll sing,
In raptures all divine,
The boundless glories of your King,
And like him ever shine.

HYMN XLIV.

On the Nativity.

- 1 JOIN all who love the Saviour's name,
His boundless glories to proclaim,
And sound his praise abroad ;
He comes, a dying world to bless
With all the riches of his grace :
All hail, *incarnate God !*
- 2 Join, ye bright tenants of the sky,
Sound, sound his glorious name on high,
And all his work applaud ;
Your golden harps, your holy joy,
Approve the theme, and love th' employ,
To sing, *th' incarnate God.*
- 3 Here, then, let heav'n and earth combine,
In songs melodious and divine,
To reach his bless'd abode :
Angels and men unite to tell
The glories of Emanuel,
And sing, *th' incarnate God !*
- 4 He stoop'd from glory's blissful height,
Bless'd a dark world with heav'nly light,
And bore our pond'rous load :
He gave his life a sacrifice,
And rose triumphant to the skies,
The great *incarnate God !*
- 5 He lives, and reigns, and shines above,
Resplendent in all-conquering love,

Amidst

Amidst the dazzling crowd
Of saints and seraphs, bright and strong,
Whose ev'ry harp and ev'ry song
Praise him, *th' incarnate God!*

- 6 Again in awful pomp he 'll come,
Shake the wide earth, and rouse the tomb,
That gloomy, dark abode :
Assembled worlds shall then appear,
And at his bar their sentence hear ;—
Their judge, *th' incarnate God!*
- 7 While his proud enemies, that day,
Shall faint with terror and dismay,
And tremble at his rod :
May we, with joy, behold his face,
And sing, in heaven, the glorious grace
Of our *incarnate God!*

H Y M N XLV.

On the Nativity.

- 1 **T**H E Saviour to adore,
Join every tuneful power
In loudest, sweetest songs of solemn sound ;
Let a peculiar joy
Attend the blest'd employ,
And glad Hofannahs echo all around.

- 2 Angels and Seraphs, say,
On that auspicious day,

D 3

When

When the great God incarnate was made known,
 What new, what glorious strains,
 Spread o'er th' ethereal plains,
 And rose harmonious to th' eternal throne ?

3 Say, with what ardent love
 The shining hosts above
 Tun'd all their golden harps to noblest praise ;
 When ev'ry sounding lyre
 Through the celestial choir,
 Delighted, strove the highest notes to raise.

4 And shall not mortals join
 This melody divine,
 And take their God and Saviour on their tongues,
 His glories to display,
 And hail his natal day,
 In sweetest harmony of joyful songs ?

5 Yes, let our shouts arise,
 And reach the lofty skies,
 And all the race of Adam here below
 Dwell on the joyful theme ;
 A God, born to redeem
 Unnumber'd millions from eternal woe !

6 To him, who from above
 In unexampled love
 Thus stoop'd, and join'd our nature to his own,
 Eternal thanks be paid,
 And praises crown his head,
 Who lives and fills his high celestial throne.

7 Exalted there he reigns,
 And o'er the heav'nly plains
 Sheds, in sweet beams, immortal glories round ;
 With him may we appear,
 And join the triumph there,
 Where ceaseless songs of holy praise abound !

H Y M N XLVI.

The Nativity of Christ.

- 1 LET songs of holy joy proclaim
 Th' incarnate Saviour's wond'rous name ;
 Wake earth, and all the choirs above,
 Sing the vast wonders of his love !
- 2 Long before time its round began,
 Or dust was fashion'd into man ;
 JESUS the God in council stood,
 Engag'd to take her flesh and blood.
- 3 His name and person, both of old,
 Were by prophetic pens foretold :
 They saw and sang the joyful morn,
 When the Redeemer should be born.
- 4 The faithful, the revolving spheres
 Roll on, and number all the years,
 Till the appointed time takes place,
 And earth beholds the Saviour's face.
- 5 Astonish'd angels bow'd to view
 Scenes so mysterious, and so new ;

While from their lofty bright abode,
They hail'd and sung th' incarnate God.

- 6 Shepherds, those pious humble swains,
Fled from their flocks, and left the plains ;
To Bethlehem's stable they repair
To see, adore, and worship there.
- 7 Thither the eastern Sages came,
Warn'd by the Saviour's regal fame ;
To him their richest treasure bring,
And worship Zion's God and King.
- 8 Tokens amazing and divine,
Of deity around him shine :
Ye saints adore, and praise him too,
JESUS the God was born for you.
- 9 Then let the noblest, sweetest songs
Flow from each heart, and all our tongues ;
Our only theme to sov'reign grace,
And loud Hosannahs fill the place,

H Y M N XLVII.

The Nativity of Christ.

- 1 WAKE ev'ry chearful power, to sing,
With extasy and love,
Things which heav'nly heralds bring
From the bright world above.
- 2 Hark, hark ! our souls attend the voice,
With wonder, love, and joy ;
Well may our hearts in God rejoice,
And praise our tongues employ.

3 The

- 3 The glorious long-expected day
Of our Redeemer's birth
Shines on the world with gladsome ray,
And Heaven comes down to earth.
- 4 Clad in such feeble flesh as ours
Th' incarnate God appears ;
He whom the heavenly host adores
Becomes a man of tears.
- 5 Dispatch'd from Heav'n's eternal throne
The angelic legions shine,
To make the great transaction known,
And prove the work divine.
- 6 All hail ! incarnate God, all hail !
Thrice welcome here below,
In praising thee our anthems fail,
Nor half thy love can show.
- 7 Come, dearest Lord, our souls possess,
Erect thy throne within,
Save us by sovereign mighty grace,
From earth, from self, and sin.
- 8 Then shall our hearts enraptur'd sing
Glory to God on high !
Good will and peace did Jesus bring,
When he came down to die.

HYMN XLVIII.

Nativity.

- 1 AGAIN, great God, we humbly raise
 To thee our cheerful, grateful praise,
 And sing eternal love;
 We sing the glories all divine,
 Glories which bright in JESUS shine,
 Descending from above.
- 2 Let sacred harmony awake,
 And aid our souls and songs, to take
 With joy the solemn lay;
 While all our tuneful powers unite,
 To hail with pleasure and delight
 The Saviour's natal day.
- 3 Let the bright Seraphs round his throne
 Join us, to make his glories known;
 And may the Spirit's fire
 Now raise the song, and warm the heart,
 And teach us with celestial art,
 To tune, and strike the lyre!
- 4 'Twas Deity, which down to earth
 Descended in an infant's birth;
 All hail, incarnate God!
 Let Heav'n with holy joy resound,
 And all creation's ample round,
 Proclaim thy praise abroad!
- 5 Mortals!

- 5 Mortals! sing loud the wond'rous love,
Which brought Jehovah from above,
To clothe himself in clay.
Sing HIM the Saviour kind and true,
Who liv'd, and dy'd, and rose for you
To everlasting day.
- 6 Sing him resplendent on his throne,
In love and glories all his own;
There he for ever reigns;
While saints and angels join, to raise
Loud anthems of immortal praise
Thro' all the heavenly plains.
- 7 Glory to God the Father sing,
To God the Son our heavenly King,
And God the Spirit too:
To the great One, the glorious Three,
All blessing, praise and honour be;
And songs for ever new.

H Y M N XLIX.

Nativity.

- 1 SAY, O my Soul! what wond'rous light
Was that, which through the gloom of night
Burst forth on Bethlehem's honor'd plains,
And fill'd with fear the astonish'd swains?
- 2 What angel that, which from on high
With dazzling glories fill'd the sky?
What the bright host, who with him there
In vast, in shining crowds appear?

D 6

3 Hark!

- 3 Hark ! what 's that music, what the song,
Begun by this celestial throng ?
Sweet song ! whose melting sounds impart
Joy to my raptur'd list'ning heart.
- 4 Glory on high ! they sing to God,
And Peace on earth ! they sound abroad ;
Good-will to men ! they loud proclaim,
Thro' an incarnate Saviour's name.
- 5 Bless'd light ! Bless'd angel ! Blessed host !
Bless'd song ! Bless'd tidings to the Lost !
Well might the heavens such scenes display,
'Twas God the Saviour's natal day.
- 6 Then, O my soul, and all around,
Join, and these songs to heaven resound,
Hail the bless'd day when CHRIST came down,
To make his love to mortals known.
- 7 Sing his dear Name in sweetest strains,
Tell the whole world our JESUS reigns ;
Glory, and peace, and good-will, sing,
To Him our Saviour, God, and King.

HYMN L.

Nativity..

- 1 PREPARE ! the noblest songs prepare,
Let Hosannahs fill the air,
Sing the Saviour's glories o'er,
JESUS, whom the heavens adore ;
Loud let our tuneful powers his glorious Name
In songs of joy and melody proclaim.

2 He

- 2 He comes ! The God incarnate comes !
 See ! our nature he assumes ;
 See him born with power to bless
 Sinful men with saving grace.
 Ye heavenly hosts ! again proclaim his birth ;
 Mortals ! adore the Deity on earth.
- 3 Behold ! Behold the Saviour here,
 See the promis'd Star appear ;
 Light of men, and Lord of all,
 Born to save from sin and thrall,
 His glories publish, and his name adore,
 Whose light and truth shall shine for evermore.
- 4 The Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,
 He whom Gabriel sweetly sings,
 Veil'd in flesh his bright array,
 Saving glories to display :
 O sing his great, his unexampled love,
 Ye saints on earth ! ye shining powers above !
- 5 Sing what sweet graces in Him shine,
 Love and meekness all divine ;
 All his words and all his way
 Spotless holiness display :
 To the remotest worlds our songs shall tell
 Th' immortal glories of Emanuel.
- 6 The dying man, the living God,
 Ransom'd sinners by his blood,
 Crush'd and slew their mighty foes,
 Then triumphant He arose.
 Hail ! glorious Victor ! thee our souls adore,
 Worthy art thou of praise for evermore.
- 7 Behold

- 7 Behold the conqueror ascend,
 Mark what glories Him attend,
 Angels line the heavenly way,
 Join the triumph ! hail the day !
 Sin, death, and hell his dreadful vengeance feel,
 Dragg'd captives at his awful chariot's wheel.
- 8 All hail bless'd JESUS ! here we raise
 Songs to thee of joy and praise :
 'Till thy second-coming day
 Full salvation shall display,
 Till we shall meet Thee in our heavenly home,
 We'll sing and pray, Come ! dear Lord JESUS,
 come !

H Y M N LI.

The Nativity.

- 1 SINNERS ! behold, behold the Lamb,
 Th' incarnate God, the great I Am :
 Shout the Redeemer's wond'rous name,
 Publish his glory, sing his fame.
- 2 Sing in the sweetest loftiest strains
 The characters which he sustains ;
 And loudly sound it all abroad,
 He is *Jehovah*, Lord and God.
- 3 His names of love we bless him for,
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor ;
 The Mighty God, the Prince of Peace,
 Great in salvation, rich in grace !

4 Tell

- 4 Tell to the earth's remotest bound
The glorious way, which heaven has found,
To make salvation, mercy, known,
Richly and freely through the Son.
- 5 Joyful with heart and voice we sing,
Jesus our prophet, priest, and king :
Our great Redeemer, and our Lord,
Must be exalted and adored.
- 6 Swift, on the wings of heavenly love,
He left the shining worlds above ;
His Godhead wrapt in feeble clay,
And wondering angels hail the day.
- 7 And shall not mortals join the song,
And echo to the heavenly throng ?
Yes—with the noblest powers we have,
We will proclaim him—born to save.
- 8 Hail great Redeemer, mighty Lord !
The sinner's friend, the incarnate word ;
Let every heart thy praise confess,
Triumphant in thy glorious race.
- 9 To heaven our joyful songs we raise,
Father, accept our humble praise ;
While we in one united voice,
Hail the Redeemer and rejoice.

H Y M N LII.

The Nativity of Christ.

- 1 MORTALS awake, with angels join,
And chaunt the solemn lay ;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail the auspicious day.

- 2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining regions ran, ?
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd,
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down to the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels rush'd with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Wrapt in the silence of the night,
The world in darkness lay,
When sudden, glorious, heavenly light
Burst in a flood of day.
- 6 Hark, the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song ;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.
- 7 O for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise !
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.
- 8 With joy the chorus we repeat,
Glory to God on high !
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.

- 6 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail !
 Redeemer, brother, friend !
 Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

H Y M N LIII.

Blessed are the poor in spirit. Matt. v. 3.

- 1 How blest'd are they, who truly see
 Their emptiness and poverty,
 Whose souls are humbled in the dust,
 And who in Jesus only trust !
- 2 Glad they renounce their former pride,
 And wholly on his name confide,—
 Only in him they make their boast,
 Who came to seek and save the lost.
- 3 They're vile and poor in their own eyes,
 But Jesus' love they highly prize ;
 They never think they're laid too low,
 If Jesus on them pity show.
- 4 To be the meanest they're content,
 So Jesus but their souls present
 With pard'ning grace and heavenly love,
 To fit them for the joys above.
- 5 These are the souls whom Christ will bless
 With all the riches of his grace ;
 And these are they who soon shall rise
 To a bright kingdom in the skies.

- 6 Among them, Lord, may I be found,
And with thy humble poor be crown'd
With grace below, and when I die,
Joyful to thy dear bosom fly.

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~~HYMN~~ LIV.

2.91. Blessed are they that mourn, &c. ~~Matt. v. 4~~

- 1 JESUS, the glorious head of grace,
Knows every saint's peculiar case ;
What sorrows by their souls are borne,
And how for sin they daily mourn.
 - 2 He knows how deep their groanings are,
And what their secret sighs declare ;
And, for their comfort, has express'd
That all such mourning souls are bless'd.
 - 3 They 're bless'd on earth ; for 'tis by grace
They see and know their mournful case ;
Bless'd mourners ! they shall shortly rise
To endless comfort in the skies.
 - 4 There all their mourning days shall cease,
And they be fill'd with joy and peace ;
Comforts eternal they shall prove,
And dwell for ever in his love.
 - 5 Dear Lord, may I a mourner be,
Over my sins, and after thee ;
And when my mourning days are o'er,
Enjoy thy comforts evermore.
- MP.

HYMN LV.

Blessed are the meek, &c. Matt. v. 3.

- 1 JESUS, the holy Lamb of God,
Who all the paths of *meekness* trod,
How kindly did the Saviour speak,
When in his word he *blest'd the meek* !
- 2 Through all his holy life and mien,
Nothing but *meekness* could be seen ;
To copy him, O may we seek,
Who in his word has *blest'd the meek*.
- 3 *Meekness*, that bright celestial grace,
Shone in the Saviour's lovely face ;
Meekness thro' all his conduct ran,
The glorious God ! the wond'rous man !
- 4 O that our souls, like him, may be
From pride and wrathful passion free,
And every word and action speak,
That we, like him, are truly *meek*.
- 5 *Meek* souls are of a heavenly birth,
And such are truly blest'd on earth ;
In Christ alone they comfort seek,
Who blesses and who loves the *meek*.
- 6 Jesus, to my poor sinful heart
This grace of *meekness* O impart !
Fain would I, Lord, tho' poor and weak,
Be *holy, humble, mild and meek*.

HYMN LVI.

✓ Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst, &c.

Matt. v. 5.

- 1 JESUS those happy souls does bless,
Who *hunger* for his righteousness;
Who seek the smilings of his face,
And *thirst* for fresh supplies of grace.
- 2 They cannot here contented live
On all the dainties earth can give;
Their souls can feast on nothing less
Than Christ's eternal righteousness.
- 3 For this they *hunger*, this they *thirst*,
Of all their food the best and first;
And while on this they daily feed,
They 're bless'd, and richly bless'd indeed.
- 4 Some sweet foretastes they have below;
But the bright world, to which they go,
Will such a glorious banquet yield,
There shall their souls be ever fill'd.
- 5 May this my bless'd experience be;
To *hunger*, Lord, and *thirst* for thee,
And on thy righteousness to live,
Which can both food and comfort give!
- 6 Then when at death my soul shall rise
To the bless'd banquet in the skies,
I shall partake the heavenly store,
And feast and sing for evermore.

HYMN LVII.

Blessed are the merciful, &c. Matt. v. 7.

- 1 JESUS, to thee our praise we bring,
Thy *mercy*, all divine, we sing;
Thou ever merciful and kind,
In thee poor sinners *mercy* find.
- 2 When they on thy dear name believe,
What wond'rous *mercy* they receive!
This makes them *merciful* and kind,
Because in thee they *mercy* find.
- 3 Then *mercy* they delight to show
To every creature here below:
Thus by their practice they attest,
That he the *merciful* has bless'd.
- 4 O to us all, dear Lord, impart
A *merciful* and tender heart;
'Then shall we hope, and not in vain,
Eternal mercy to obtain.
- 5 Thus shall we best declare abroad,
That we believe, and act like God;
And prove the gospel all divine,
When we in works of *mercy* shine.

HYMN LVIII.

Blessed are the pure in heart, &c. Matt. v. 8.

- 1 JESUS, before thee I appear;
My earnest supplication hear;

Fountain

Fountain of every grace thou art,
O give me *purity of heart*.

- 2 The *pure in heart* thy lips have blest'd ;
They shall see God, and in him rest :
This blessing, Lord, to me impart,
A real *purity of heart*.
- 3 I hate; dear Lord, my inbred sin ;
It dwells, and oh, it works within ;
I feel its deep envenom'd dart,
Yet long for *purity of heart*.
- 4 Let all my conduct be sincere ;
Thy grace in heart and life appear ;
Then heart and life shall ever be
An unison of praise to thee.
- 5 Bring me, at last, by sovereign love,
Safe to the blessed world above,
There to possess the glorious part,
A perfect *purity of heart*.

H Y M N LIX.

Blessed are the Peace-makers, &c. Matt. v. 9.

- 1 THE souls who love and long for *peace*,
Who strive to make contention cease,
Who flee wild passion's wrathful rod,
Are blest'd, for they're the sons of God.
- 2 *Peace* from the Lord their souls have felt ;
Peace, and the pardon of their guilt ;
Peace, which this world, do what it may,
Can neither give, nor take away.

- 3 A *peace*, that's holy, pure, and good;
 A *peace*, procur'd by JESUS' blood;
 A *peace*, which only he can give;
 A *peace*, which shall for ever live.
- 4 This makes them dread the jars and strife
 Of angry and contentious life;
 Sweet *peace* they labour to restore,
 And grieve that they succeed no more.
- 5 The church, the world, their houses too,
 Bear witness, that they *peace* pursue;
 'Tis an employ they can't forsake,
 For *peace* on earth they love to make.
- 6 Then, Lord, to prove my heavenly birth,
 May I seek *peace* and truth, on earth;
 And when upon a dying bed,
 In *peace* with thee lay down my head.
- 7 Then shall I flee from every foe,
 From wrath, and strife, and sin below;
 And maugre all the rage of hell,
 With thee in *peace* for ever dwell.

HYMN LX.

Things that accompany Salvation. Heb. vi. 9.

- 1 BELIEVERS rise, and stretch your wings
 To those immortal glorious things,
 Which JESUS in his word reveals,
 Which every real Christian feels.

2 Sing

- 2 Sing of the things which Christ has done,
Sing of the glories he has won,
Sing of his vast eternal love,
Sing how he reigns and shines above,
- 3 Sing of the things your souls have felt,
Sing how he pardon'd all your guilt,
Sing of his spirit's work and power,
Sing of his mercies to this hour,
- 4 Sing of the change his love has wrought,
Sing of the truths his word has taught,
Sing of the power he has display'd,
Sing of the conquest he has made,
- 5 Sing of the sweetness of his word,
Sing of the goodness of the Lord,
Sing while he gives you life and breath,
Sing till your voice is lost in death,
- 6 Sing of his glories in the skies,
Sing till you to that glory rise ;
'There shall you sing, and there adore
Christ and salvation evermore.

H Y M N LXI.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Isa. 45. 6.

- 1 P O O R sinners, here lift up your voice,
Loud in the Saviour's name rejoice ;
Bless him for Mercy's joyful sound,
And seek him while he may be found,

- 2 In his great patience, love, and power,
He spares you to the present hour ;
Still you 're alive on mercy's ground,
O seek him, while he may be found.
- 3 His Gospel still invites the poor,
To ask for mercy at his door :
Mercy and love in him abound,
O seek him, while he may be found.
- 4 Come with your guilty burdens all,
Low at his footstool humbly fall ;
Though foes and fears your hearts surround,
Yet seek him, for he will be found.
- 5 Tho' you the chief of sinners are,
He 'll not despise your humble prayer ;
Your hopes, your wishes shall be crown'd ;
O seek him, while he may be found.
- 6 And when you taste his pard'ning love,
And all his tender mercies prove,
Intreat the sinners all around,
To seek him, while he may be found.
- 7 O that we all may meet above,
In that bless'd world of joy and love !
And sing, till all the heavens resound,
JESUS was sought, and by us found.

H Y M N LXII.

For the Son of Man, &c. Luke, xix. 10.

- 1 Now to the Lord we'll humbly raise
Our joyful voices in his praise ;

E

Nothing

Nothing have we whereof to boast,
But JESUS seeks and saves the lost.

- 2 Let his dear name for ever be
Our daily, humble, earnest plea,
While in him we for ever trust,
Who came to seek and save the lost.
- 3 How does his love all praise excel !
What riches in the Saviour dwell !
His fullness we can ne'er exhaust,
Who came to seek and save the lost.
- 4 Come, ye poor souls, who long have been
The slaves of Satan and of sin,
Throw down his arms, desert his host,
For JESUS seeks and saves the lost.
- 5 His blood will cleanse you, and his love
Bring you to those bright realms above :
Just is the work, and dear the cost,
Yet JESUS seeks and saves the lost.
- 6 Ye humbling, weak, and tempted saints,
He knows your fears, your sad complaints ;
Though you by furious storms are tols'd,
Yet JESUS seeks and saves the lost.
- 7 Soon shall the storms be all blown o'er,
And you, shall reach the heavenly shore,
And sing, with all the ransom'd past,
That JESUS seeks and saves the lost.

HYMN LXIII.

Thou art in the Gall of Bitterness. Acts, iv. 28.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Lord ! vouchsafe to bless
Thy preached Gospel with success ;
In some dear souls thy work begin,
To save from bitter bonds of sin.
- 2 Chain'd and defil'd in sin they lay,
To every lust an easy prey ;
By nature nothing dwells within,
But bitterness and bonds of sin.
- 3 Thou know'st their wretched, helpless state,
But O thy power and love are great,
Able to save, and sweet to win
From bitterness and bonds of sin !
- 4 JESUS, let some poor sinner prove
One look of this eternal love ;
Shew him the danger he is in,
The gall and bitterness of sin.
- 5 Help him at once to thee to fly ;
O hear his penitential cry !
Open thine arms, receive him in,
And break the bitter bonds of sin.
- 6 Then to thy name he'll gladly raise
Songs of triumphant grateful praise :
For JESUS has his Saviour been
From bitterness and bonds of sin.

HYMN LXIV.

Rejoicing in CHRIST JESUS. Phill. iii. 8.

- 1 DEAR Lord ! before thy awful throne
We humbly raise our voice ;
O make thy love and mercy known,
While in thee we rejoice.
- 2 All praise to thy adored name
With joyful hearts we sing ;
With angels join, and loud proclaim
Glory to Christ our King.
- 3 His grace, his mercy, and his power
We daily live to prove ;
Gladly we spend this solemn hour
Rejoicing in his love.
- 4 He reigns all glorious on his throne,
Our JESUS still the same ;
Here will we make his glories known,
Rejoicing in his name.
- 5 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he is still the Lord ;
To him we 'll lift our hearts and hands
Rejoicing in his word.
- 6 Upheld and guarded by his hand,
We live to see this hour ;
Before him here we thankful stand
Rejoicing in his power.

- 7 Rich, great, and good the blessings are,
Which he so freely gives,
We 'll own his love, and thank his care,
Rejoicing all our lives.
- 8 He hears our weakest, feeblest groan,
When unto him we cry;
In him we 'll trust, in him alone
Rejoicing when we die.
- 9 But O what joys will heaven afford,
When we with him appear!
We shall in glory, with our Lord,
Rejoice for ever there.

H Y M N LXV.

The leadings of God. Deut. vii. 2.

- 1 MY God, accept my grateful songs,
To thee my highest praise belongs;
My tribute here to thee I'll bring,
And joyful all thy mercies sing.
- 2 My life has ever been thy care,
Thy sovereign goodness still I share;
In praises I'll exert my skill,
Mindful of all thy leadings still.
- 3 Through all life's dark and rugged way,
What scenes of love does God display!
How wise, how kind his holy will!
Remember how he leads thee still.
- 4 Through storms and tempests, snares, and death
He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath;

His faithful promise to fulfil ;
Remember how he leads thee still.

- 5 Through many awful scenes within,
Rais'd by the tempter's guilt and sin ;
When Satan strives thy soul to kill,
Remember how he leads thee still.
- 6 Through all thy duties, cares, and fears,
Through all thy conflicts, groans, and tears,
Through hosts, who fain thy blood would spill ;
Remember how he leads thee still.
- 7 Through paths of deep and sore distress,
While trav'ling in the wilderness ;
Both down the vale and up the hill,
Remember how he leads thee still.
- 8 'Tis all to humble thee, and prove
His wisdom, goodness, power, and love ;
To try thy heart, and bow thy will,
Remember how he leads thee still.
- 9 Bless him, my soul, for all that's past,
Trust him to bring thee home at last ;
Where, free'd from sin and every ill,
Thou'lt praise that God, who leads thee still.

H Y M N LXVI.

On opening a new Place of Worship.

- 1 GREAT God ! thy glory and thy love
Our humble songs employ ;
Propitious from thy throne above
Look down, and aid our joy.

2 'Tis

- 2 'Tis not in houses made with hands,
Nor temples bright with gold,
The great Jehovah's glory stands,
By mortals to be told.
- 3 Thy presence and thy glories, Lord,
Fill all the realms of space !
O let thy presence, by thy word,
Divinely fill this place.
- 4 Sacred to thy Eternal Name,
Behold these walls we raise ;
Long may they stand, to shew thy fame,
And echo to thy praise.
- 5 This day begins the solemn sound
Of sacred worship here ;
May every heart with joy abound,
And reverential fear.
- 6 O deign to smile in love divine
On thy assembled saints !
Let sovereign mercy sweetly shine,
And cheer the heart that faints.
- 7 Dear Jesus ! Zion's holy King !
Enter with all thy train,
And here thy choicest blessings bring,
And long may they remain.
- 8 Eternal Spirit ! heavenly Dove !
Enter and fill this place ;
That here thy waiting saints may prove
The smiles and seals of grace.

- 9 Thus blest thy house of worship Lord,
With favours all divine ;
And we will sound on every chord,
"Be all the glory thine."

H Y M N LXVII.

The same. 1 Kings, viii. 29.

- 1 O THOU ! before whose piercing eye
Naked and open all things lie,
Now may our hearts thy praise confess,
Humbly rejoicing in thy grace.
- 2 For ever let thine eye of love,
Upon this house look from above ;
And of thy watchful gracious care
O that it may indulgent share !
- 3 The ministers and doctrines view,
The discipline and worship too ;
And may thy saints, who here may dwell,
In faith and holiness excel.
- 4 Under thine eye long may it stand
A sacred blessing to the land ;
That children's children here may sing
"Glory to Jesus ! Zion's King !"
- 5 In all the changes here below,
By night or day it e'er may know,
Still let thine eye upon it rest,
Of all its joys the first and best.

- 6 To lift'ning sinners here around
Long may the Gospel trumpet sound,
In strongest, sweetest, clearest strains,
"Jesus the Lord for ever reigns!"
- 7 And when that solemn day shall come,
That shall bring all thy chosen home,
May crowds, who here to God were born,
Join in the triumphs of that morn.
- 8 Then to the realms of heavenly light,
With Jesus take their heavenly flight;
And there, in strains before unknown,
Hail the Redeemer on his throne.
- 9 There in the brighter house above,
Where all is holy joy and love,
They'll meet thine eyes, and sigh no more,
But sing thy glories and adore.

H Y M N LXVIII.

Christ all in all. Col. iii. 2.

- 1 SINNERS who have believ'd thro' grace,
Altho' the vilest of the race,
In this agree, both great and small,
That Jesus Christ is all in all.
- 2 The Greek, and Jew, and such as we,
Barbarian, Scythian, bond, or free,
Here find no separating wall;
For Jesus Christ is all in all.
- 3 Gladly they sing his worthy name,
And all his wond'rous love proclaim,

And own, when they before him fall,
That he to them is all in all.

- 4 He is their life from day to day,
He is their strength thro' all the way,
He saves from bondage, sin, and thrall,
And is to them their all in all.
- 5 He is the Lord their righteousness,
He is their refuge in distress,
He hears when they upon him call,
And thus appears their all in all.
- 6 In all the fullness of his love,
He intercedes for them above;
The curse is here, he drank the gall,
And lives and reigns their all in all.
- 7 He guards their soul, he keeps their breath,
He saves them in the hour of death;
Out of his arms they cannot fall,
Because he is their all in all.
- 8 Who can his utmost glory tell?
He saves from sin, from wrath, from hell.
Well may we say, with holy Paul,
That Jesus Christ is all in all.
- 9 In heaven this truth will best be known,
When we surround his glorious throne,
And, with th' adoring armies, fall,
And Jesus sing, our all in all.

H Y M N LXIX.

That worthy Name. James ii. 7.

- 1 BLESS'D Spirit ! in our souls excite
A holy, humble flame ;
While we in JESUS' praise unite,
And sing his worthy name.
- 2 Earth, seas, and air, and heaven above,
His glories loud proclaim ;
But sinners taste his saving love,
And sing his worthy name.
- 3 He, to redeem their souls from death,
In heavenly pity came ;
They in his praise employ their breath,
And sing his worthy name.
- 4 In heaven, his love for evermore
Sounds in immortal fame ;
There all the shining hosts adore
And sing his worthy name.
- 5 Bright angels, aid our sacred joy,
While we his praise proclaim ;
Come join us in this bless'd employ,
To sing his worthy name.
- 6 To all the blessings of his love
We lay a humble claim ;
And while below, and when above,
We'll sing his worthy name.

HYMN LXX.

Truth, Lord, yet the Dogs, &c. Matt. xv. 27.

- 1 BEHOLD a starving finner, Lord!
Invited by thy gracious word,
Here humbly waits before thy door,
Where mercy meets and feeds the poor.
- 2 When on my vileness I reflect,
I own thou might'st my suit reject;
And frowning, say "it is not meet,
That dogs the children's bread should eat."
- 3 Truth, Lord! I own it, and confess
That of all Adam's fallen race,
However vile and base they be,
There's none more vile, more base than me.
- 4 A filthy dog I am by sin;
A furious dog, dear Lord, I've been;
A greedy dog in evil ways,
And a dumb dog to all thy praise.
- 5 Yet, Lord, convinc'd of this my state,
To thee I fly, 'tis not too late;
Tho' children's bread scarce me becomes,
O grant a poor vile dog the crumbs!
- 6 Thy Gospel is a table, spread
With heavenly food, and living bread;
Here, Lord, I'll wait, and on thee call,
O let some crumbs of mercy fall!
- 7 Shall I despair and perish? No:
Sure JESUS will a crumb bestow;

And I, tho' worthless, then will raise
My voice in humble thankful praise.

- 8 Thus let me, Lord, while here I stay,
With crumbs be fed from day to day;
And feast, when I in heaven appear,
On children's bread for ever there.

H Y M N LXXI.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain. Rev. xiii. 8.

- 1 O FOR a bright celestial ray,
To bear our thoughts and souls away
To glory's boundless blissful scene,
And sing the Lamb, that once was slain!
- 2 There all the harps and choirs above
Dwell on his vast, his wond'rous love;
Divine the notes, and sweet the strain,
"Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain!"
- 3 This is their happy, blest'd employ;
This their delightful endless joy,
To sing, and bow, and sing again,
"Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain!"
- 4 With them we gladly, humbly join
In works so pleasant, so divine:
His death is our eternal gain,
"Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain!"
- 5 Worthy to sit enthron'd above,
Worthy of all our praise and love,
Worthy

Worthy for ever there to reign ;

“ Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain ! ”

- 6 All power, riches, wisdom too,
All strength and honour are his due ;
All praise and blessing must remain
On the dear Lamb, that once was slain !
- 7 Let his dear name fill all our songs ;
Let his sweet praise employ our tongues ;
O let us sing, and sing again,
“ Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain ! ”
- 8 His glorious, his immortal love
Shall be our theme, our song above,
No more of sin shall we complain,
But sing the Lamb, that once was slain.

H Y M N LXXII.

A partaker of the Glory. 1 Peter, v. 1.

- 1 JOIN, happy souls, who know the Lord,
Who taste the comfort of his word ;
Joyful let all your powers awake,
And sing the glory you'll partake.
- 2 Though in a world of sin and woes,
Surrounded by infernal foes,
Fight on, for through them you shall break,
And glory as your crown partake.
- 3 Eternal glory, strong and bright,
Pure as the heaven's ethereal light,
Waits your triumphant last remove
To the blest'd realms of praise and love.

4 Tread

- 4 Tread this vain world beneath your feet,
And all that sin calls good and great;
Its flattering smiles and baits despise,
And seek for glory in the skies.
- 5 If call'd with earthly joys to part,
Resign them with a cheerful heart;
Gladly leave all for JESUS' sake,
Eternal glory to partake.
- 6 Your heavenly glory firmly stands,
Secur'd in JESUS' faithful hands;
Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
You from this glory, or his love.
- 7 O may I live, and may I die
With Christ and glory ever nigh;
And when before him I appear,
Partake of all the glory there.

H Y M N LXXIII.

✓ I know that my Redeemer liveth. Job, xix. 25.

- 1 *"I know that my Redeemer lives:"*
What comfort this sweet passage gives!
He lives! He lives! who once was dead;
He lives, my ever living head!
- 2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save,
He lives all glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted there on high.
- 3 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,

He

- He lives my hungry soul to feed,
 He lives to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives to grant me rich supply,
 He lives to guide me with his eye,
 He lives to comfort me when faint,
 He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives to crush the power of hell,
 He lives that he may in me dwell,
 He lives to heal and make me whole,
 He lives to guard my feeble soul.
- 6 He lives to silence all my fears,
 He lives to stop and wipe my tears,
 He lives to sooth my pained heart,
 He lives all blessings to impart.
- 7 He lives my kind, my faithful friend,
 He lives and loves me to the end,
 He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
 He lives my Prophet, Prince, and King.
- 8 He lives and grants me daily breath,
 He lives and I shall conquer death,
 He lives my mansion to prepare,
 He lives to bring me safely there.
- 9 He lives, all glory to his name !
 He lives, my JESUS, still the same :
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
 " I know that my Redeemer lives !"

HYMN LXXIV.

Faint yet pursuing. Judges, iii. 8.

- 1 WHEN Gideon, by divine command,
Lest Israel's small, but chosen band,
Though they were faint, as well as few,
Jehovah help'd them to pursue.
- 2 Proud Midian fell beneath their sword,
For Israel's God had spoke the word ;
They found his gracious promise true,
Though faint he help'd them to pursue.
- 3 Now this was left upon record,
For all who trust and fear the Lord ;
However weak, he'll help them through,
And tho' they 're faint, they shall pursue.
- 4 Then may a soul, as weak as I,
Upon his precious word rely :
And I shall find his promise true,
Though faint he'll help me to pursue.
- 5 Though many scenes of deep distress
I've pass'd in this dark wilderness,
Yet this I ever have found true,
Though faint he help'd me to pursue.
- 6 When sin, death, hell, and Satan join,
To crush this feeble soul of mine,
He for my help appears in view,
And then, tho' faint, I yet pursue.

- 7 Often, dear Lord, my soul's so weak,
I scarce can cry, or hardly speak ;
I feel that I can nothing do ;
I'm faint ; Lord, help me to pursue.
- 8 My heart, thou know'st, is oft cast down,
But oh ! upon me do not frown,
Thy love is great, thy word is true,
Therefore, though faint, I'll yet pursue.
- 9 My soul with living manna feed ;
Let grace supply my every need ;
Thy favours let me oft review ;
And then, though faint, I'll yet pursue.
- 10 Thus help me to go on my way,
Dependant on thee day by day ;
Thy glory let me keep in view,
And then, though faint, I'll yet pursue.

H Y M N LXXV.

✓ Christ the one Thing needful. Luke, x. 42.

- 1 COME, O my soul ! let's search and see
What's the most needful thing for thee ;
Can earth, or all its painted toys,
Afford thee true or solid joys ?
- 2 Say, could'st thou be completely bless'd,
Of honours, pleasure, wealth possess'd ?
Could any creature good below
Sufficient be ? No, Jesus, no.

- 3 No, 'tis engraven on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee.
- 4 Needful art thou to make me live,
Needful art thou all grace to give,
Needful to guide me lest I stray,
Needful to help me every day,
- 5 Needful to clothe my naked soul,
Needful to heal and make me whole,
Needful my feeble soul to guard,
Needful to be my great reward.
- 6 Needful is thy most precious blood;
Needful is thy correcting rod;
Needful is thy indulgent care;
Needful thy all-prevailing prayer;
- 7 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford;
Needful thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigour to my heart.
- 8 Needful art thou, my soul can say,
Thro' all life's dark and thorny way;
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
When I yield up my soul to thee.
- 9 Needful art thou, to raise my dust
In shining glory with the just;
Needful, when I in heaven appear,
To crown and to present me there.

- 10 Needful art thou, my Lord, my love !
To tune my golden harp above ;
Needful art thou, my God, my King !
While to eternity I sing.
- 11 Then shall my soul, with joy supreme,
Dwell on the dear, delightful theme,
(Glory and praise be ever his)
The "one thing needful," JESUS is !

H Y M N LXXVI.

O Lord revive thy Work in the midst of the Years.
Hab. iii. 2.

- 1 GREAT God ! incline thy gracious ear ;
O hear thy people's cry !
In mercy for our help appear,
Nor let our comforts die.
- 2 In this sad, dark, and gloomy day,
O keep our souls alive !
Our sins forgive, and take away,
And all thy work revive.
- 3 Regard our penitential tears,
And let thy churches thrive ;
And in the midst of mournful years
Thy work, O Lord, revive !
- 4 Revive our dying graces, Lord !
Nor let our souls complain ;
Revive us by thy blessed word,
And make us live again.

- 5 Revive thy work within us all
In holy peace and love,
And let thy spirit on us fall
In blessings from above.
- 6 Then shall we flourish as the vine,
Or like the corn revive ;
And all the glory, Lord, be thine,
Who keeps our souls alive.

H Y M N LXXVII.

Confession and Hope.

- 1 GREAT God! regard my mournful cries,
To thee I lift my weeping eyes,
And all my sorrows tell :
Thou know'st what stormy billows roll
Within my dark distressed soul,
Beset by sin and hell.
- 2 An evil heart of unbelief,
Of all my foes the first and chief,
Thy power and love denies :
Hard as an adamantine stone,
It dares thy sacred word disown,
And from thy mercy flies.
- 3 With this I've many foes beside,
Dark ignorance, and cursed pride,
And a rebellious will ;
And oh, how often will intrude
My monstrous black ingratitude,
My plague and burden still !

4 Often

- 4 Often this sinful world employs
 Its treacherous smiles, or trifling toys,
 To lead my heart astray;
 And oh ! how, like a silly child,
 My soul's deceiv'd, and I'm beguil'd
 And hinder'd in my way !
- 5 Anon, when earth begins to frown,
 How is this sinful heart cast down,
 And sighs and shakes with fear ;
 As if my portion and my joy,
 And all my sweetest, best employ
 Was no where else but here !
- 6 O what a horrid filthy den
 Of lusts within me yet remain,
 Too bad, too black to tell !
 My inmost soul these lusts pollute,
 Mix'd of the devil and the brute,
 The counterpart of hell.
- 7 To all the rest I've this to add,
 If not the worst, 'tis sure as bad
 As any of the whole :
 Satan, that crafty, cruel foe,
 That serpent and that dragon too,
 Deceives and wounds my soul.
- 8 Thus sore beset with foes and fears,
 And often fill'd with sighs and tears,
 My mournful days I spend :
 I'm ready sometimes, Lord, to say,
 " Surely thy mercy does delay ;
 When will my troubles end ?"

- 9 Yet that bright day will surely come,
 When I shall reach my heavenly home,
 And weep and sigh no more ;
 My sins and foes thou wilt destroy,
 And fill my soul with heavenly joy,
 To sing for evermore.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

✓ Though I be nothing. 2 Cor. xii. 2.

- 1 J E H O V A H ' s awful name revere,
 In humble praise, with holy fear ;
 In glory thron'd divinely bright,
 All worlds are nothing in his sight.
- 2 Seraphs and angels, bright and pure,
 Can't the full sight of God endure ;
 Who, while they view his beams from far
 Adore, and shrink to nothing there.
- 3 What then are Adam's fallen race ?
 Nothing but shame and sad disgrace ;
 Nothing but madness reigns within,
 Nothing indulg'd and lov'd, but sin.
- 4 The proudest sinner nothing is,
 The richest sinner nothing has ;
 They can do nothing good or great,
 And worse than nothing is their state.
- 5 The numerous proud, self-righteous host,
 Who fondly of their something boast,
 Will,

Will, or in love, or vengeance, find
They nothing are but poor and blind.

6 Nothing is all their foolish trust,
Nothing is all their empty boast;
Nothing their fancy'd power can do,
Because they 're nothing good or true.

7 O may my soul these dangers shun,
Nor ever boast what I have done;
But at thy footstool humble fall,
And JESUS make my all in all.

8 Though of myself I nothing am,
I'm dear to God and to the Lamb;
Though I have nothing, I confess,
All things in JESUS I possess.

9 I can do nothing, Lord; 'tis true,
Yet, in thy strength, can all things do;
Nothing I merit, Lord, I own,
Yet shall possess a heavenly throne.

10 Thus *something*, *nothing*, may I be;
Nothing in self, but all in thee;
And when in glory I appear,
Be something, and yet nothing there.

H Y M N LXXIX.

But. Matt. xxi. 28.

1 *But* for the Gospel's joyful sound,
Nor hope, nor help had sinners found;

But

But for the sovereign grace of God
Our souls had perish'd by his rod.

- 2 *But* in his Word poor sinners view
A Saviour faithful, just, and true;
— And all who know him gladly own,
They have no trust *but* him alone.
- 3 *But* O let Christless sinners fear
In wickedness to persevere;
For if in sin their lives they spend,
Nothing *but* wrath can be their end.
- 4 *But* hark! the Scriptures thunder loud
Against the haughty and the proud;
The proud God never will endure,
But pride will make their ruin sure.
- 5 *But* let not hypocrites presume,
But know that dreadful day will come,
When God no longer will forbear,
But make their dark deceit appear.
- 6 *But* let the poor awaken'd soul
But look to Christ, he'll make him whole;
But never of his love despair,
But on him wait, by faith and prayer.
- 7 *But* let believers gladly raise
To JESUS songs of grateful praise;
For, thro' his love, Almighty King!
They 've many glorious *but*s to sing.

HYMN LXXX.

Therefore be ye also ready, &c. Matt. xxiv. 44.

- 1 ATTEND, my soul, with awful fear
On the dear Saviour's sacred word ;
With deep concern and rev'rence hear
This solemn warning of the Lord :
- 2 Death, in a thousand dreadful forms,
Sweeps down our mortal sinful race ;
The grave, corruption, earth, and worms
Shortly must be our dwelling place.
- 3 But, O the soul that never dies,
Nor can it to the grave repair,
But to th' Eternal Bar it flies,
And hears and knows its sentence there.
- 4 In an unknown and thoughtless hour
Death calls off millions to their fate,
And, by a dread resistless pow'r,
Fixes their everlasting state.
- 5 And to the earth must I return,
And fall by death's relentless hand !
Be this, my soul, thy chief concern,
That thou may'st always ready stand.
- 6 Then shall my life on earth be blest,
And death itself be safe and sweet ;
In JESUS bosom I shall rest,
And my salvation be complete.

HYMN LXXXI.

My Times are in thy Hand. Psalm xxxi. 15.

- 1 Now let thy praise, my God, my joy !
My soul and sweetest songs employ ;
Taught by thy word, I understand
That all my times are in thy hand.
- 2 For this I'll bless thee while I sing,
And to thy throne new honours bring ;
A monument of grace I stand,
For all my times are in thy hand.
- 3 'Tis my dear Lord ! I'll bless thee still,
My times are order'd by thy will ;
My life is by thy counsel plann'd,
And all my times are in thy hand.
- 4 My times of nature, times of grace,
My times of sorrow, times of peace,
Are all dispos'd by thy command,
Yea, all my times are in thy hand.
- 5 My times, while I enjoy my breath,
My times, when I shall bow in death ;
Yes, to my last expiring sand,
My God ! my times are in thy hand.
- 6 My times, when I from death shall rise,
And mount to meet thee in the skies ;
My times, when I shall join the band
And songs above, are in thy hand.

- 7 Then shall my times completed be,
And lost in blest'd eternity;
There shall I see, and there adore
My God, when time shall be no more.

H Y M N LXXXII.

My Grace is sufficient, &c. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

- 1 C O M E, bow ye saints before the Lord,
And bless him for his faithful word;
With joy approach his smiling face,
And sing his all-sufficient Grace!
- 2 What debtors to his grace ye are!
Witness his kind, his daily care;
How vast and how divinely true
His strength appears in every view!
- 3 'Tis from his grace your comforts come,
'Tis by his strength he'll guide you home:
O who can tell the breadth and length
Of boundless grace, of heavenly strength!
- 4 His grace secures eternal bliss;
His strength, in weakness, perfect is:
Sufficient grace is your supply,
Almighty strength is ever nigh.
- 5 Then let the feeblest saint rejoice,
And in these words lift up his voice:
"My grace sufficient is for thee,
"And I'll thy strength in weakness be."

6 Lord,

- 6 Lord, let thy grace, thy sov'reign love
Sufficient for me daily prove ;
And O thy perfect strength reveal
In all the weakness that I feel.
- 7 Thy grace alone can comfort give,
Without thy strength I cannot live ;
O let me all its fullness prove
On earth below, in heaven above.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

By the appearing of our Saviour JESUS CHRIST, who hath
abolished Death, and hath brought Life and Immortality
to Light by the Gospel. 2 Tim. i. 10.

- 1 Now may we sing in joyful strains
That name for ever blest'd,
Who lives, and while he lives remains
Our Saviour JESUS CHRIST !
- 2 To him we raise our tuneful breath,
His glories to display,
Who only has abolished death,
And took its sting away.
- 3 Dying, he conquered all our foes,
Our glorious living head !
And, when triumphant he arose,
Shew'd death itself was dead.
- 4 'Tis in the Gospel page we view
That wond'rous, glorious sight !
Life and immortal glories too
Therein are brought to light.

5 With these eternal truths, dear Lord,
Our inmost souls impress,
That we may glory in thy word,
That source of life and grace.

6 O may we all with heart and voice
Now sing thy wond'rous love,
Till we before thee shall rejoice,
In sweeter songs above.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that
which was lost. Luke, xix. 10.

1 B L E S S' D be my Saviour and my Lord,
For these glad tidings in his word,
Of grace so rich so free!
Leading my soul in him to trust,
Who came to seek and save the lost,
Yes, such a one as me.

2 Whatever others think or say,
This be my theme from day to day,
While here on earth I dwell;
My triumph this, yea this my boast:
"He came to seek and save the lost,"
From sin, the curse, and hell.

3 Yes, twas this love and power divine
First fought and sav'd this soul of mine,
And seeks and saves me still:
Time is too short to speak his praise,
But to eternity I'll raise
My songs, on Zion's hill.

4 Sinners,

- 4 Sinners, attend the Saviour's word,
That joyful sound, that sure record,
O come, and in him trust :
So shall you know, and prove it true,
Able is he, and faithful too
To seek and save the lost.

H Y M N LXXXV.

And what will ye do in the Day of Visitation, and in the Desolation which shall come from far ; to whom will ye flee for Help, and where will ye have your Glory ? Isaiah, x. 3.

- 1 SINNERS, attend God's solemn word,
Nor still your mad career pursue ;
When he girds on his dreadful sword,
And comes in wrath, *what will ye do ?*
- 2 Say, have ye made this world your choice,
Is this the all you have in view ?
Hear heaven's expostulating voice,
" In that dread day what will ye do ? "
- 3 Ah, see this most tremendous day
Of visitation hastes to you !
Nor youth nor health can it delay,
And in it O what will ye do ?
- 4 Sicknefs and pain, at God's command,
Yea, death with all its terrors too
Will seize ye, nor can ye withstand,
And in that day what will ye do ?

- 5 He'll call you to his judgment seat,
And bring your sins to sad review;
Nor can you from his face retreat,
And in that day what will ye do?
- 6 And do ye cry "what must we do?"
Believe on JESUS, ask his grace;
So shall ye 'scape eternal woe,
And stand with joy before his face.

HYMN LXXXVI.

For thou hast been a Strength to the Poor, a Strength to
the needy in his Distress, a Refuge from the Storm, a
Shadow from the Heat. Isaiah, xxv. 4.

- 1 GREAT God! enable us to raise
A social song of solemn praise;
In thee alone are we secure,
Thou blessed "strength of all thy poor!"
- 2 Thou art, and we thy kindness bless,
"Strength to the needy in distress;"
Tho' earth and hell their souls alarm,
Thou art "a refuge from the storm!"
- 3 What tho' we fiery trials meet,
Thou art "a shadow from the heat;"
Sweet Shade! O may we in it view
Our safety and our comfort too!
- 4 However terrible the blast,
Still on thy name our hope we'll cast;
Tho' foes and fears upon us fall,
Strong as the storm against the wall.

5 Come

- 5 Come storm, or calm, Lord ! grant we may
Cleave to thee still thro' all the way ;
And trust thee, from protections past,
To bring us safely home at last.
- 6 Then when we meet before thy throne,
And thou with glory shalt us crown,
There to eternity we'll raise
Loud songs of everlasting praise.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

And he spake a Parable unto them to this End, that
Men ought always to pray, and not to faint. Luke,
xviii. 1.

- 1 J E S U S, my heavenly teacher be !
And may I ever learn of thee ;
To me the strength and wisdom grant
“ Always to pray, and never faint.”
- 2 Satan and sin would jointly say,
That I should faint and never pray ;
But under all my soul's complaint
I'd always pray, and never faint.
- 3 Whate'er I meet with here below,
Still to thy throne of grace I'll go,
Tell thee my case, and all my want,
And always pray, and never faint.
- 4 Thus, till I quit this earth's abode,
Give me access to thee, my God !
So shall I break thro' all restraint,
And always pray, and never faint.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

And thy God, thy Glory. *Isaiah, lx. 19.*

- 1 M Y soul, attempt in joyful lays
Thy tribute now to bring ;
And, tho' in feeble notes of praise,
Thy God, thy glory sing !
- 2 How kindly for thee he appears,
His promise to fulfil ;
Subdues thy foes, prevents thy fears,
Thy God, thy glory still !
- 3 'Tis he thine earthly good bestows,
And 'tis his hand bereaves ;
Then welcome comforts, welcome woes,
Thy God, thy glory lives.
- 4 Ere long the storms will all be still,
And silent every fear ;
And thou shalt sing on Zion's hill,
Thy God, thy glory there.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

In my Father's House are many Mansions ; if it were
not so I would have told you : I go to prepare a Place
for you. *John, xiv. 2.*

- 1 B E Y O N D, beyond the glitt'ring stars,
There, where eternal ages shine,
J E S U S for ev'ry saint prepares
Mansions of glory, joys divine !

2 Bles'd

- 2 Bless'd mansions ! fix'd beyond the bounds
Of sin and sorrow, woe and pain ;
Where peace, and love, and joy resounds,
Where Christ and saints for ever reign !
- 3 Look up, my soul, and view him gone,
For thee thy mansion to preparè ;
And humbly wait his glad return,
When thou shalt all his glories share.
- 4 Trust in his name, his word believe,
Glory and triumph in his grace ;
In that bless'd world he'll thee receive,
And there shalt thou behold his face.
- 5 Let not your hearts be troubled then,
But on your JESUS still rely ;
He'll surely visit you again,
And you shall dwell with him on high.

. H Y M N . X C .

The Lord of Lords, and King of Kings. 1 Tim. vi. 15.

- 1 J E S U S, exalted, glorious Lord !
For ever be thy name ador'd ;
Of thee my soul with rapture sings,
Thou " Lord of Lords, and King of Kings ! "
- 2 Low at thy feet arch-angels bow,
And all the hosts in glory too
Sound thy bless'd name on lofty strings,
Thou Lord of Lords, and King of Kings !

- 3 Naked and open to thine eye
All the vast worlds of being lie;
From thee life, light, and glory springs,
Thou Lord of Lords, and King of Kings !
- 4 Then let thy saints with joy proclaim
The endless honours of thy name ;
Thy name immortal pleasure brings,
Thou Lord of Lords, and King of Kings !
- 5 Yes, let them all with ardour join
Thy praise to sing, in notes divine ;
For who like thee does wond'rous things,
Thou Lord of Lords, and King of Kings !
- 6 In thee their happiness they view,
As chosen, call'd, and faithful too ;
To thee their souls expand their wings,
Thou Lord of Lords, and King of Kings !
- 7 With them, in heaven, I hope to join
In songs eternal, joys divine ;
And vie with all the host that sings
The Lord of Lords, and King of Kings.

H Y M N XCI.

Sin the Disease. Christ the Physician. Matt. ix. 12.

- 1 OF all diseases here below,
And all that mortals undergo,
Or from without, or from within,
There's no disease so bad as sin.

2 This

- 2 This sore disease how vast its spread !
 The heart, the hands, the feet, the head,
 The soul, and all its pow'rs have been,
 E'er since the fall, diseas'd with sin.
- 3 Of all diseases 'tis the first ;
 And 'tis the forest and the worst ;
 So strong it is, and stubborn too,
 Nothing but grace can it subdue.
- 4 So filthy 'tis, and so impure,
 No human means can work a cure ;
 'Tis so deceitful to the soul,
 That man by nature thinks he's whole.
- 5 This sad disease has taken place
 In all the sons of Adam's race ;
 There's no one free, or high, or low,
 The infant, and the aged too.
- 6 Look round the whole terrestrial ball,
 Sin, cursed sin, spreads o'er it all ;
 Birds, beasts, and fishes, earth, and seas,
 Shew the sad marks of this disease.
- 7 And now, my soul, is this the case ?
 Hath this disease in *me* a place ?
 And do I feel it as my own ?
 And does it make me sigh and groan ?
- 8 What must be done ? Where shall I fly ?
 I must be heal'd, or I must die ;
 For I no med'cine can procure,
 Which can relieve, or work a cure.

- 9 Well then, since creatures can't, I see,
Nor can I my own healer be ;
I'll to the Word of God repair,
Who knows but healing may be there ?
- 10 O let my soul with praise abound,
There I've the great Physician found ;
There he has wrote, and wrote for me,
" I am the Lord, that healeth thee."
- 11 Come then, my soul, with all thy grief,
Here thou shalt surely find relief ;
Thy cure both certain is, and free,
Since 'tis the Lord, that healeth thee.
- 12 Take the sweet med'cine, JESU's blood ;
Fear not, 'twill surely do thee good ;
'Twill work a cure, and this thou'lt see,
For 'tis the Lord, that healeth thee.
- 13 Tho' still thou hast thy sores and pains,
And much of this disease remains,
Apply to him, where'er thou be,
For 'tis the Lord, that healeth thee.
- 14 Thy soul's disease, and all thy care
Before him lay, by faith and pray'r ;
Never to other healers flee,
For 'tis the Lord, that healeth thee.
- 15 Let this Physician be thy boast,
He'll perfect all thy cure at last ;
And thou in heaven shalt sing, and see
It was the Lord, that healed thee.

H Y M N XCII.

Preaching Peace by JESUS CHRIST, he is Lord of all.
Acts, x. 36.

- 1 To JESUS let us join to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise ;
Peace to poor sinners, great or small,
Is preach'd thro' him, as " Lord of all."
- 2 Lord of all glory, he must shine
In beams refulgent and divine.
Lord of all worlds he ever reigns,
And glory all his state maintains :
- 3 Lord of all grace, he will bestow
Joy, peace, and comfort here below.
Lord of all hearts his children prove
His laws his throne, his sceptre love.
- 4 Lord of all enemies is he,
And force and fraud before him flee.
Lord of all judgment he'll appear,
His foes to crush, his saints to clear.
- 5 Lord of all blessedness above,
There may we triumph in his love ;
And, while before his throne we fall,
For ever hail him " Lord of all."

H Y M N XCIII.

There is a River, the Streams whereof make glad the
City of God. Psalm lxvi. 4:

- 1 W H I L E the dear saints of God below
Travel this vale of sin and woe ;

There

There is a river thro' the road
 " Makes glad the city of our God."

- 2 This river is his heavenly love,
 Proceeding from the throne above ;
 And all its streams, which here are found,
 With comfort, peace, and joy abound.
- 3 Blest'd river ! great its virtues are !
 Pure river, O how sweet and clear !
 Deep river, thro' the desert way,
 Full river, never to decay !
- 4 Ye thirsty, poor, and needy souls,
 For you this wond'rous river rolls :
 Tho' sin and sorrow make you sad,
 Yet drink, and let your hearts be glad.
- 5 Drink, and for ever blest his name,
 From whom these streams of mercy came :
 Drink, for the fountain's open still ;
 Drink, for he says, " whoever will."
- 6 Thus, Lord, let saints and sinners prove
 The precious blessings of thy love ;
 And, when in glory we appear,
 We'll drink, and ever blest thee there.

H Y M N XCIV.

And now behold my Witness is in Heaven, and my
 Record is on high. Job, xvi. 19.

- 1 MY soul, arise ! shake off thy fears,
 And wipe thy sorrows dry ;
 Jesus in heav'n thy witness bears,
 Thy " record is on high."

2 Above

- 2 Above this world of sins and pains,
Beyond the glitt'ring sky,
My witness still in Heav'n remains,
My record is on high.
- 3 Cheerful I'll bow to all his will,
And at his footstool lie ;
My witness lives in heav'n, and still
My record is on high.
- 4 Behold, my soul, whate'er betides,
Thou shalt not, canst not die ;
My witness still in heav'n abides,
My record is on high.
- 5 Behold, my cruel potent foes,
Your malice I defy ;
My witness to the heav'ns arose,
My record is on high.
- 6 Behold, my fellow saints around,
And join me in the cry ;
" My witness still in Heav'n is found,
My record is on high."
- 7 Thus, while I sing of Christ, my Lord,
And angels harps outvie ;
My witness lives in heav'n ador'd,
My record is on high.

H Y M N X C V.

To-morrow. Matt. vi. 34.

- 1 M Y soul ! how solemn is the word,
Which now accosts thy ear !
May I attend it, dearest Lord,
With reverential fear.
- 2 Before thy throne my soul I'll lay,
My God, my hope, my trust !
O let me live to thee to-day,
Nor of " to-morrow " boast.
- 3 Time ! O how swift its moments flow !
What millions have I lost !
O may I seize the golden *now*,
Nor of to-morrow boast.
- 4 Before the present day is past
My soul may meet its doom ;
Now let me for salvation haste,
To-morrow ne'er may come.
- 5 To-day may I the Saviour know,
And in his name believe,
Nor let these precious moments go,
To-morrow may deceive.
- 6 Thy sparing mercies still abound,
And I am out of hell ;
To-day I am on mercy's ground,
To-morrow—who can tell ?

- 7 Grant, gracious Lord ! at last I may
Before thy face appear,
And sing an everlasting day ;
There's no to-morrow there.

H Y M N XCVI.

Yet have I set my King upon my Holy Hill of Zion.
Pſalm ii. 6.

- 1 A T T E N D my ſoul with holy joy
To what the Lord declares ;
And let his praiſe thy powers employ,
And baniſh all thy fears :
- 2 J E S U S the heavenly King is ſet
On Zion's holy hill !
And there, in love and glory great,
He reigns and triumphs ſtill.
- 3 There his bright throne exalted ſtands,
Nor ever can decay ;
There the right ſceptre in his hands
He ever lives to ſway.
- 4 Tho' earthly monarchs fail and die,
And crowns and ſceptres fall,
J E S U S yet lives, and reigns on high,
Our God, our King, our all !
- 5 No time can ever cloſe his reign,
Nor death his ſtate deſtroy ;
He doth, he muſt, he ſhall remain,
His ſaints eternal joy !

H Y M N XCVII.

I am thine, save me. Psalm cxix. 94.

- 1 'T H O U God of David! God of all
Who in thee trust, and on thee call,
Hear this poor prayer of mine,
While I before thy footstool lie,
And while, in David's words, I cry,
" Save me, for I am thine."
- 2 Bound by ten thousand ties of love,
Which still I live, thro' grace, to prove
Is sovereign and divine;
Secur'd in Christ, my living head,
In whose dear name I pray and plead,
" Save me, for I am thine."
- 3 Redeem'd by his most precious blood,
Who for me bore the wrath of God,
To make salvation mine;
Trusting in his Almighty Name,
I humbly make my prayer and claim,
" Save me, for I am thine."
- 4 Renew'd by God the Spirit's power,
Whose love and goodness I adore,
He did my heart incline,
To seek thy face from day to day, .
And thus with thee to plead and pray,
" Save me, for I am thine."
- 5 Upheld by everlasting arms,
Thro' foes, and fears, and threat'ning storms,
2 And

And Satan's dark design ;
I live preserv'd amidst them all,
And still am help'd on thee to call,
" Save me, for I am thine !"

6 Thus while a sojourner below,
And when from hence I'm call'd to go,
My spirit I'll resign ;
And joyful, with my latest breath
I'll cry, when in the arms of death,
" Save me, for I am thine !"

7 Then, when his blissful race I see,
Who liv'd, and dy'd, and rose for me,
And in his glory shine ;
There to eternity I'll sing,
To him, my Saviour, God, and King,
" I'm sav'd, because I'm thine !"

H Y M N XCVIII.

I am thine, save me. Psalm cxix. 94.

- 1 LORD, hear me while I humbly pray,
Nor turn thine ear nor heart away ;
Upon me let thy mercy shine,
And save me, Lord, for I am thine.
- 2 Thy love display, thy power reveal,
And let me now thy presence feel ;
Give me a taste of bliss divine,
And save me, Lord, for I am thine.
- 3 From self, from Satan, and from sin,
From foes without, and fears within,

Tho'

Tho' they against me all combine,
Yet save me, Lord, for I am thine.

- 4 Thus while I live I'll daily pray,
And when from earth I soar away,
Sweetly these words shall then be mine:
" Save me, O Lord, for I am thine !"
- 5 And when in glory I appear,
And sing, with thy redeemed there,
Crowned with glory I shall shine,
And sing for ever, " I am thine !"

H Y M N XCIX.

And there shall be no Night there. Rev. xxii. 5.

- 1 Now may my soul by faith arise,
And sing that world above the skies,
Where, with my God, I hope to be
A long, a blest'd eternity.
- 2 No night or darkness dwells therein,
No pain, affliction, death, or sin;
Sorrows and sighs, and gloomy fear
Are all for ever banish'd there.
- 3 There briny tears shall flow no more;
There soul-felt conflicts all are o'er;
There victory and triumph dwell
O'er sin, and Satan, death, and hell.
- 4 There life, and light, and joy divine
To everlasting ages shine;
There vision and fruition too
Are ever bright, are ever new!

5 There

- 5 There the Eternal Father's name,
There the full glories of the Lamb
Are all display'd divinely bright,
In beams of everlasting light!
- 6 There the fav'd sons of Adam's race
Admire and sing the glorious grace,
Which lov'd, redeem'd, and brought them there,
Eternal life and light to share.
- 7 Lord ! may it here be my employ,
My consolation, and my joy,
To wait, and hope, believe, and pray
For this blest'd state of endless day.
- 8 Then, when from darkness here below,
Joyful, by death I'm call'd to go,
I shall attain my blissful home,
Where night can never, never come.

HYMN C.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 OUR Father, who in heaven art,
All hallow'd be thy name,
Thy kingdom come in ev'ry heart,
Thy glory to proclaim.
- 2 Thy will be done on earth below,
As 'tis in heaven, Lord!
And grant us grace, that we may know
And practice all thy word.

3 Give

- 3 Give us this day our daily bread,
Our bodies to sustain,
From JESUS let our souls be fed,
As he for us was slain.
- 4 Our debts and trespasses forgive,
(And blot them from thy sight)
As we do others while we live
With pleasure and delight.
- 5 Into temptation lead us not,
From evil us defend;
Still for us be deliv'rance wrought,
And save us to the end.
- 6 For kingdom, power, and glory too,
For ever Lord, are thine,
Eternal praises are thy due,
Whose Glories are divine.
- 7 Thus as it was so still it is,
And ever will remain;
May we to such a prayer as this,
Believing say, "Amen!"

H Y M N C I.

His Name shall endure for ever, &c. Psalm lxxii. 17.

- 1 J E S U S our Saviour God we sing,
His honours we proclaim;
Celestial everlasting King,
Hofannah to his name!
- 2 His throne for ever shall endure,
To endless years the same;
His laws are fix'd, his kingdom sure,
Adored be his name.

- 3 Long as the sun, that rules the day,
Emits the genial flame,
His church shall grow, nor e'er decay :
All glory to his name !
- 4 In him shall sinful men be blest'd,
And sav'd from guilt and shame ;
Let their high praises be address'd
For ever to his name.
- 5 Let all the nations of the earth
Bless Christ the Lord, who came
To our low world, in wond'rous birth,
And triumph in his name.
- 6 He shall abide, when time is past,
In being, glory, fame ;
JESUS, Jehovah, first and last,
All praised be his name !
- 7 Ye blest'd, bright choirs, who sing above,
Join the immortal theme,
And thro' your world of light and love
Refounded be his name.
- 8 Let heaven and earth enraptur'd join,
His glories to proclaim,
In songs and melody divine,
Eternal as his name.

Hallelujah !

H Y M N CII.

We are confident and willing rather to be absent from the Body, and to be present with the Lord. 2 Cor. v. 8.

- 1 How sweet, how solemn is the scene,
To see a dear believer die,
Possess'd of peace and joy within!
And hear him thus exulting cry:
- 2 " I'm confident, and willing too,
(For thou, dear Lord, know'st all my heart)
To pass death's gloomy valley through,
And from all mortal things depart.
- 3 " By faith thy glory now I see,
And die, rejoicing in thy Word;
Would absent from the body be,
And present with my dearest Lord.
- 4 " For ever now I bid farewell
To sin, death, sorrow, pain, and care;
To Heaven I go, with Christ to dwell,
And all his promis'd glories share."
- 5 Thus, with his eyes and heart lift' up,
Joyful he yields his mortal breath;
He drinks, but scarcely tastes the cup;
Then dies, and triumphs over death.
- 6 Lord, if it were thy will, may we
Depart in such a frame as this,
Then mount to heaven, and Jesus see,
And there enjoy eternal bliss!

H Y M N CIII.

Greater Love than this hath no Man, &c. John, xv. 13, 14.

- 1 J E S U S, thy matchless love we sing,
That subject all divine !
Let it, O Lord, our heavenly King !
Now on us sweetly shine.
- 2 What if a mortal man should die,
To save his friends from death ;
No greater love could he supply,
Than thus to yield his breath.
- 3 Yet all this love could ne'er redeem,
Nor save a single soul ;
However worthy of esteem,
'Tis mortal thro' the whole.
- 4 But this immortal love of thine
All creature-love transcends ;
'Tis sovereign, matchless, and divine !
And turns thy foes to friends.
- 5 O, may that love which heaven reveals,
And made a Saviour bleed,
That love which God the Spirit seals,
Make us thy friends indeed !
- 6 Then, Lord, to prove that we are thine,
May we from day to day,
Constrain'd hereto by love divine,
Thy sweet command obey.

- 7 Thus shall we prove ourselves thy friends ;
And, when this life is o'er,
We shall, in life that never ends,
Obey thee evermore.

H Y M N CIV.

When Christ, who is our Life, shall appear, then shall ye
also appear with him in Glory. Col. iii. 4.

- 1 JESUS, my Life, in glory dwells,
And reigns for ever there ;
And, in his Word, to me he tells
That shortly he'll appear.
- 2 Bless'd day when I, and all the rest
Who here his ways pursue,
Shall (as in him completely bless'd)
Appear in glory too !
- 3 No sorrows, sufferings, sighs, or tears,
No burdens or complaints
Shall e'er be known, when Christ appears,
The life of all his saints !
- 4 But joy and triumph all divine
Shall then their souls possess,
They shall with him in glory shine,
And sing redeeming grace.
- 5 Then for this promise will I wait,
In faith, and hope, and prayer ;
Till with him in that blessed state
Of glory I appear.

6 Then

- 6 Then I shall see his face, and sing,
With all his ransom'd throng;
"My God, my Life, my Saviour, King!"
And glory in the song.

H Y M N CV.

Whither goest thou?

- 1 LET me not trifle with thee, Lord,
Nor with this message from thy Word;
But stop my soul, and answer now
This question, "whither goest thou?"
- 2 Is it to death, and to thy bar,
To unseen worlds where spirits are?
Is it to endless joy or woe?
My soul, then whither goest thou?
- 3 And must I shortly bid farewell
To this vain world in which I dwell?
To the dark tomb, Lord, must I bow?
My soul, then whither goest thou?
- 4 Lord, let me realize the day
When thou shalt call me hence away;
And must I die, and know not how?
My soul, then whither goest thou?
- 5 O that the aged and the young,
And all the worldly, busy throng,
May each one put this question now:
My soul, O whither goest thou?

- 6 Let thy dear saints, who taste thy love,
Now, to their joy and comfort, prove
That they, thro' grace, believe and know
They shall to heaven and glory go.

H Y M N C V I.

To them that are sanctified by God the Father, and
preserved in JESUS CHRIST, and called : Mercy unto
you, and Peace and Love be multiplied. Jude, verses 1, 2.

- 1 To God the Father's love
We sinful mortals owe
Our hopes of heavenly joys above,
And comforts here below.
- 2 Chosen and set apart,
By him we're sanctify'd,
And in th' affection of his heart
For ever shall abide.
- 3 Preserv'd in JESUS CHRIST,
Here all our safety lies ;
And with all blessings in him blest'd,
We celebrate his praise.
- 4 Call'd, by the Holy Ghost,
From darkness, death, and sin ;
Of his victorious power we boast,
And own the change divine.
- 5 May mercy, peace, and love
To us be multiply'd ;
Comfort and bless us from above,
And with us still abide.

- 6 Till, in the realms on high,
A Trinity we sing,
And taste the streams of endless joy
From that celestial spring !

H Y M N CVII.

Looking for the Mercy of our Lord JESUS CHRIST unto
eternal Life. Jude, verse 21.

- 1 **D E A T H** in a thousand awful forms
Appears, and sweeps our race away ;
While to surviving dying worms
It loudly calls to watch and pray.
- 2 Not health, nor wealth, nor human power,
Nor all the boasted strength we have,
Can e'er defer th' appointed hour,
Which hastes to bring us to the grave.
- 3 Where then shall mortal sinners flee,
Or how shall they thy mercy share ?
Jesus, there 's none, there 's none, but thee,
Can for this dread event prepare !
- 4 But O thy mercy, dearest Lord !
Can all our guilt and fears remove,
In life and death can help afford,
And fit us for the realms above.
- 5 To thee for mercy may we look,
With whom eternal life is found,
And calmly wait th' impending stroke,
And joyful hear the solemn sound.

- 6 Thus, with thy mercy to us seal'd,
We'll bow in death, at thy command,
And cheerfully our spirits yield
Into thy dear, thy faithful hand !
- 7 Then, when in glory we arrive,
We'll praise thee with immortal powers,
And in thy blissful presence live,
And life, eternal life be ours.

H Y M N CVIII.

In that Day there shall be a Fountain opened to the
House of David, and to the Inhabitants of Jerusalem,
for Sin and for Uncleanness. Zechariah, xiii. 1.

- 1 N o w may our souls unite, to bring
To JESUS, our redeeming God,
Our humble praises, while we sing
The fountain of his precious blood.
- 2 Bless'd fountain ! still it open stands ;
'This poor believing sinners prove ;
And justly from them it demands
Their faith, their praises, and their love.
- 3 Bless'd fountain ! here the guilty view,
In the bright Gospel's glorious day,
Their sin and their uncleanness too
Pardon'd, aton'd, and wash'd away !
- 4 No earthly spring supplies this stream ;
None, but a Saviour's precious blood,
Who dy'd the guilty to redeem,
Produces this soul-cleansing flood.

- 5 The highest ranks of men below,
The poorest of the human race,
Can nowhere else for pardon go,
Or hope to see a Saviour's face.
- 6 May this bless'd fountain, while we're here,
Pardon and cleansing still afford ;
And, when in glory we appear,
We'll sing the blood of Christ our Lord.
- 7 There on this theme we'll ever dwell :
Redemption, by the Son of God,
From sin and sorrow, death and hell,
By his most precious, precious blood!

H Y M N CIX.

In your Patience possess, &c. Luke, xxi. 19.

- 1 GRANT me, my Saviour, and my God,
Tho' here I feel thy chast'ning rod,
And storms and tempests round me roll,
In "patience to possess my soul."
- 2 Be thou, dear Lord, my bless'd retreat,
And keep me humble at thy feet ;
Then let earth shake from pole to pole,
In patience I'll possess my soul.
- 3 Tho' sore afflictions here abide,
Thou art the refuge where I hide ;
And this my comfort thro' the whole,
In patience to possess my soul.

- 4 But I shall reach the blissful shore
Where suff'ring patience shall be o'er ;
And there, while endless ages roll,
In heavenly peace possess my soul.

H Y M N CX.

And he went forth conquering and to conquer.
Rev. vi. 2:

- 1 Go forth, thou mighty conqueror ! go
In all the glories of thy power ;
And make rebellious sinners know
Thy great salvation, and adore.
- 2 Far, far, to earth's remotest bound,
Be, Lord, thy glorious vict'ries spread ;
Till millions by the joyful sound
In sweet captivity are led !
- 3 Hasten the bright, the glorious day,
When thou in triumph shalt appear,
Thy full salvation to display
On all whom thou hast conquer'd here.
- 4 Among them, Lord, may we be found,
Conquer'd by love, and power divine ;
Then, with celestial glories crown'd,
We shall eternally be thine.

HYMN CXI.

Therefore we are always confident, knowing, that while we are at Home in the Body, we are absent from the Lord. 2 Cor. v. 6.

- 1 To thee, my Saviour, and my God !
Let a poor sinner come,
And find thee thro' this weary road,
My hope, my rest, my home.
- 2 Ah, Lord ! I'm confident of this,
And mourning often tell,
That I am absent from thy face,
While here on earth I dwell.
- 3 This body is a wretched home,
Which yet I shall forsake ;
When wilt thou, dearest Saviour ! come,
These prison walls to break ?
- 4 How absent from the songs and joy !
How absent from the love,
Which shall, ere long, be my employ
In the bright world above !
- 5 How absent from that happy place,
And that communion sweet
With thee, and all the ransom'd race,
Which yet I hope to meet !
- 6 But shall it, Lord, be ever so ?
And shall I always mourn ?
No ; yet my soul, in faith, says " No,
My JESUS will return !"

- 7 Then let me wait, and trust the Lord,
Salvation yet will come ;
He will fulfil his faithful word,
And bring me safely home.

✓
H Y M N CXII.

I have longed for thy Salvation, O Lord. Psa. cxix. 174.

- 1 God, my Salvation ! condescend,
To bow thine ear to me,
While I to thee my wishes send,
With whom I long to be.
- 2 Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear JESUS ! set me free,
And to thy glory take me in,
For there I long to be.
- 3 Burden'd, dejected, and oppress'd,
Ah, whither shall I flee,
But to thy arms, for peace and rest ?
For there I long to be.
- 4 Empty, polluted, dark, and vain,
Is all this world to me :
May I the better world obtain ;
For there I long to be.
- 5 Help a poor pilgrim, Lord, to come,
Tho' weak and faint, to thee ;
And reach at last my wish'd-for home,
For there I long to be.

6 Lord,

- 6 Lord, let a tempest-tossed soul
That peaceful harbour see,
Where waves and billows never roll,
For there I long to be.
- 7 Let a poor lab'rer here below,
When from his toil set free,
To rest and peace eternal go,
For there I long to be.
- 8 View, dearest Lord, my longing heart,
Which pants and sighs for thee !
And O thyself and heaven impart,
For there I long to be.

H Y M N CXIII.

What think ye of Christ ? Matt. xxii. 42.

- 1 WHILE many spend their thoughts on sin,
Nor know the danger they are in,
O may I act the wiser part,
And think of Christ with all my heart.
- 2 O may his name to me be dear,
My strength, my hope, my comfort here;
May I believe whate'er he saith,
And think of Christ with humble faith.
- 3 Thro' all my life, be this my aim,
To shew the glories of thy name ;
In him alone to make my boast,
And think of Christ, and in him trust.

- 4 Nor less, when I lay down my head,
 And languish on a dying bed;
 May I, when mortal life shall flee,
 Then think of Christ, who dy'd for me.
- 5 Then, in the brighter world above,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
 I shall before his face appear,
 And think of Christ for ever there.

H Y M N CXIV.

And ye are complete in Him, who is the Head of all
 Principalities and Powers. Col. ii. 10.

- 1 COME join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
 Alone in JESUS to rejoice,
 And worship at his feet:
 Come, take his praises on your tongues,
 And to him raise your thankful songs,
 In him "ye are complete."
- 2 In him, who all our praise excels,
 The fulness of the godhead dwells,
 And all perfections meet:
 The head of all celestial pow'rs,
 Divinely theirs, divinely ours,
 In him ye are complete.
- 3 His mercy, like a river, rolls,
 To pardon, heal, and cleanse your souls,
 And O, his name is sweet!
 Come, then, and make him all your trust,
 Your Saviour, God, and God the Just!
 In him ye are complete.

- 4 Bow to this glorious head of ours,
For principalities and pow'rs
Must fall before his feet :
In him rejoice, enthron'd above,
And triumph in eternal love,
In him ye are complete.
- 5 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Dependant on him day by day,
His presence still entreat :
His precious name for ever bless,
Your glory, strength, and righteousness !
In him ye are complete.
- 6 Nor fear to pass the vale of death,
In his dear arms resign your breath,
He'll make the passage sweet :
The gloom and fears of death shall flee,
And your departing souls shall see
In him ye are complete.
- 7 Releas'd from sin, and ev'ry fear,
You shall before his face appear,
Triumphant in his love :
There sha'll his praise be your employ,
And your salvation, glory, joy,
Completed be, above !

H Y M N CXV.

New Year.

- 1 ALMIGHTY, great, and glorious God !
Eternity is thine abode ;
Quite open to thy piercing eye
All the vast worlds of being lie.

2 Long

- 2 Long before time existence had,
Or sun, or moon, or stars were made,
Thou wast ; before thy mighty call
Produc'd, or mov'd this earthly ball.
- 3 Before th' angelic choirs appear'd,
Or Gabriel's voice, or harp were heard,
Jehovah reign'd, for ever biefs'd,
Of glories infinite possess'd.
- 4 What, then, O Lord, compar'd with thee,
Can time, or men, or angels be ?
Lost in the thought, here we confess
We're nothing, vanity, and less.
- 5 Yet, Lord, permit from mortal tongues
A tribute of united songs,
To rise accepted at thy throne,
And all thy love and goodness own.
- 6 Thy love and goodness, heav'nly King !
Grateful our hearts and voices sing ;
By these preserv'd, we worship here,
And sing thy praise on this New Year.
- 7 For time, and mercies past, we bless
Thy glorious name, thou God of Grace !
Our sins forgive, dispel our fear,
And smile, and bless us this New Year.
- 8 Our souls, our all, with joy divine,
We to thy gracious care resign ;
Prepare us for thy holy will,
Come life, or death, we'll bless thee still !

HYMN CXVI.

The same.

- 1 How swiftly time's revolving wheels
Have pass'd another year ;
How short is life ! my spirit feels
This truth, with awful fear.
- 2 Our souls to thee divinely draw,
Thou great Eternal King !
While we, with reverential awe,
Thus meditate and sing :
- 3 Think, O my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past !
I cannot long continue here,
And *this* may be the last.
- 4 Much of my precious time is gone,
Nor can return again ;
How swift my passing moments run
Of those which yet remain !
- 5 My soul, awake ! with serious care
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes ? how sure ? how fair ?
And what thy chief concern ?
- 6 Here a new scene of time begins,
O seek afresh for heaven !
Pray for the pardon of thy sins,
In Christ so freely given.

Gladly devote thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend ;
 With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

H Y M N CXVII.

Tekel, thou art weighed in the Balances, and art found
 wanting. Daniel, v. 27.

- 1 **R A I S E**, thoughtless sinner ! raise thine eye,
 Behold the judgment drawing nigh ;
 Behold the balance is display'd,
 Where thou must be exactly weigh'd.
- 2 See, in one scale, God's holy law ;
 Mark with what force its precepts draw :
 Canst thou the awful test sustain ?
 Thy works how light ! thy thoughts how vain !
- 3 Behold, the hand of God appears,
 And writes, in dreadful characters,
 "*Tekel !*" Thy soul is wanting found,
 With trembling hear the awful sound.
- 4 Let fear thy sin bound heart unbrace,
 Let guilty shame o'erspread thy face,
 Conviction thro' thy conscience roll,
 And deep repentance fill thy soul.
- 5 One only hope can yet prevail,
 JESUS can for thee turn the scale ;
 Can give thy guilty conscience peace,
 And save thee by his righteousness.

6 Dear

- 6 Dear Saviour ! now thy pow'r impart ;
Convince each unconvinced heart ;
And thy salvation let them view,
In justice wrought, and mercy too.
- 7 Believing this, shall they employ
Their hearts and lips in songs of joy ;
Nor e'er of wanting be afraid,
When in God's *holy balance* weigh'd.

H Y M N CXVIII.

On opening a new Place of Worship.

- 1 H E R E let us join our solemn songs,
In cheerful and united praise,
And take his name upon our tongues,
Who reigns to everlasting days !
- 2 Thou first great cause, and last great end
Of worlds below, and worlds above !
Now kindly to us condescend,
And grant thy presence, and thy love.
- 3 Lord, 'tis thy providential hand
Opens to us this house of pray'r ;
O let it please thee to command
Thy gracious blessing on us here.
- 4 Let this attempt to spread thy name
Be own'd, and blest'd with pow'r divine ;
Let sacred joy our souls inflame,
And heav'nly glories on us shine.

- 5 Long may thy truth be publish'd here,
And unborn multitudes be found
To tread thy courts with holy fear,
And know the Gospel's joyful sound.
- 6 Here feed thy saints with living bread,
The poor relieve, the weak restore,
Back-sliders heal, and raise the dead,
Thy name to praise for evermore.
- 7 Then what a scene will Christ display,
When from the tomb his saints shall rise,
On that delightful, dreadful day,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies !
- 8 Then may we meet our God and King,
With him in glory to appear,
There his eternal praise to sing,
Whom once, on earth, we worshipp'd here.

H Y M N CXIX.

Parting.

- 1 **W**HILE the dear saints of God below
Are trav'ling thro' this world of woe,
Oft are they call'd, as they can tell,
Here, for a time, to say—*Farewel.*
- 2 And yet, all glory to the Lord!
Encourag'd by his faithful Word,
We thus our sighs and tears repel,
'Tis only here we say—*Farewel.*

3 Thus,

- 3 Thus, while we sing in JESU's name,
Be this our happy parting frame,
Hoping with him, ere long, to dwell,
Here, for a time, to say—*Farewel.*
- 4 Farewel ! and may th' Eternal Lord
To all our souls his smiles afford ;
May we in faith and love excel,
And cheerful say, once more—*Farewel.*
- 5 Thus, while we here on earth remain,
We part and meet, and part again ;
But when we meet in heav'n to dwell,
We never there shall say—*Farewel.*
- 6 JESUS, thou Saviour, all divine !
Joyful our all we here resign ;
Let this our ev'ry fear dispel,
And mutually we'll say—*Farewel.*

HYMN CXX.

Parting. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

- 1 GREAT Three in One, and One in Three !
Sole self-existent Deity !
Help us thy glories to adore,
While here thy blessing we implore.
- 2 O that we may salvation prove
In God the Father's glorious love,
In God the Son's almighty grace,
In God the Spirit's heavenly peace !

- 3 This unity of blessings, Lord,
Revealed in thy sacred Word,
Now on our waiting souls bestow,
While thee we worship here below.
- 4 Pilgrims on earth we still remain,
To part and meet, and part again;
But when our pilgrimage is o'er,
We hope to meet, and part no more.
- 5 Till that blest'd period, Lord, shall come,
When we shall reach our heavenly home,
Let us thy presence still enjoy,
And let thy praise be our employ.
- 6 Let sin, and hell, and ev'ry fear
Be conquer'd in us, Lord, while here,
And let our last expiring breath,
Thy loving kindness sing in death.
- 7 In hope of which, dear Lord, we pray
Thou'lt bless us on this parting day,
Thou glorious Trinity divine!
Be ever with us all. Amen!

H Y M N CXXI.

Consider the wondrous Works of God. Job, xxxvii. 14.

- 1 MY soul! another year is gone!
Eternity is hasting on!
Come, ere the grave is thine abode,
Consider all the "works of God."

2 Look

- 2 Look back, and view, from year to year,
What varied, solemn scenes appear !
Thro' all thy life's progressive road,
How wond'rous are the works of God !
- 3 He gives and keeps thy fleeting breath,
Nor art thou snatch'd away by death ;
Many are gone, who near thee stood,
Gone, to the awful bar of God !
- 4 But thou art spar'd, and still art found
Alive, and here on mercy's ground ;
What tender kindness he has show'd !
Consider then the works of God.
- 5 Consider time's uncertain date,
Consider thine eternal state,
Consider thine immortal soul,
Ere death's black terrors round thee roll !
- 6 Consider judgment must appear,
And thou'lt be surely summon'd there ;
Then, as thy state shall there be found,
Thou'lt hear th' eternal sentence sound.
- 7 Then, or in heaven, or in hell,
Thou wilt with God or devils dwell ;
O awful thought ! my soul, awake !
And this most solemn warning take.
- 8 Come, then, ye dear, ye lovely youth !
Attend the voice of God and truth ;
To you this message is address'd,
To make you happy, wise, and bless'd.

9 Come,

- 9 Come, and let all your youthful fire,
To God, to Christ, to heaven aspire;
Glory shall well reward your cost,
Nor time, nor pains, nor soul, be lost.
- 10 Be thus your pious race begun,
And, in the strength of God, go on;
Then, whether life or death appear,
'Twill be to you a happy year.

✓
HYMN CXXII.

He doth all things well.

- 1 O for a heart prepar'd to sing
To God, my Saviour, and my King;
While with his saints I join, to tell
"My JESUS has done all things well."
- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess;
His wisdom all his works express;
But O his love what tongue can tell!
My JESUS has done all things well.
- 3 How sov'reign, wonderful, and free
Is all his love to sinful me!
He pluck'd me as a brand from hell:
My JESUS has done all things well.
- 4 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And yet he undertook my cause,
To save me, though I did rebel:
My JESUS has done all things well.

5 And

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- 5 And since my soul has known his love
 What mercies has he made me prove !
 Mercies which all my praise excel,
 My JESUS has done all things well.
- 6 When'er my Saviour and my God
 Has on me laid his gentle rod,
 I know, in all that has befel,
 My JESUS has done all things well.
- 7 Tho' oft a fiery, flaming dart
 The tempter levels at my heart,
 With this I all his rage repel,
 My JESUS has done all things well.
- 8 Sometimes he's pleas'd his face to hide,
 To make me pray, or kill my pride ;
 Yet am I help'd on *this* to dwell :
 My JESUS has done all things well.
- 9 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
 And, in his arms, shall lose my breath ;
 Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
 My JESUS has done all things well.
- 10 And, when to that bright world I rise,
 And join the anthems in the skies,
 Above the rest this note shall swell :
 " My JESUS has done all things well."

H Y M N CXXIII.

The Prize. Phil. iii. 14.

- 1 HARK! hark, my soul! the joyful cry
Of Christ's eternal victory
Calls thee, to heaven to lift thine eyes,
And view, and sing, the glorious "prize!"
- 2 O how divine its beauties are!
A prize, how rich, how great, how fair!
Then, O my soul, this world despise,
And seek to gain this heavenly prize.
- 3 Look up to JESUS, he shall bless
Thy heart with courage and success;
He'll grant thee all divine supplies,
And thou, thro' him, shalt gain the prize.
- 4 Exert thy courage, power, and skill,
Pursue the glorious object still;
Set the bright crown before thine eyes,
And onward press, and take the prize.
- 5 Run, fight, and strive, through all the way!
Conquest shall all thy toil repay;
For, when at last thy body dies,
Thy soul shall mount, and take the prize.
- 6 While some for prizes seek below,
My soul, let all around thee know,
That thou art made divinely wise,
To seek and take the heavenly prize.

- 7 There to eternity thou'lt sing,
 To thy redeeming God and King,
 Anthems of glory in the skies,
 And ever shout—"I've won the prize!"

✓ HYMN CXXIV.

Look again. Jonah, ii. 4.

- 1 A POOR returning sinner, Lord,
 Whose soul's encouraged by thy Word,
 At mercy's footstool would remain,
 And there would look, and *"look again."*
- 2 How oft deceiv'd, by self and pride,
 Has my poor heart been turn'd aside;
 And, Jonah like, has fled from thee,
 'Till thou hast look'd again on me!
- 3 Ah, bring a wretched wanderer home!
 To thy dear bosom let me come,
 And tell thee all my grief and pain,
 And wait, and look, and *look again.*
- 4 Take courage, then, my trembling soul,
 One look from Christ will make thee whole;
 Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,
 But wait, and look, and *look again.*
- 5 Do Satan's fiery darts molest,
 Does dark desertion spoil thy rest;
 Art thou almost by sorrow slain,
 Yet wait, and look, and *look again.*

- 6 Do fears and doubts thy soul annoy,
Do thundering tempests drown thy joy,
And can'st thou not one smile obtain,
Yet wait, and look, and *look again*.
- 7 Look to the Lord, his Word, his throne;
Look to his grace, and not your own;
There wait, and look, and *look again*,
You shall not wait, nor look in vain.
- 8 That wish'd-for period soon will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home;
And when to glory I attain,
O then I'll look, and *look again*.

H Y M N CXXV.

The long-suffering of God. 1 Peter, iii. 20.

- 1 WITH holy fear, and awe profound,
Now let us raise a solemn sound,
And, while this earth is our abode,
Sing a "long-suff'ring, gracious God!"
- 2 Amazing thought, that such as we
Are spar'd, and still his goodness see!
He might on rebel worms have trod,
But O, he's a long-suff'ring God!
- 3 We own his goodness, and his care,
We all his tender mercies share,
And, while his judgments are abroad,
View the long-suff'ring of our God.

4 Yet

- 4 Yet Christless, harden'd sinners, dare
Mock at his goodness, scorn his care,
And, while they see th' uplifted rod,
Slight the long-suff'ring, gracious God.
- 5 Lord, stop them in their mad career,
Plant in their hearts thy sacred fear,
And make them bow beneath thy rod,
O ! thou long-suff'ring, gracious God !
- 6 Lord, melt each stubborn, stony heart,
And all thy saving love impart ;
Bless us to everlasting days,
And a long-suff'ring God we 'll praise.

H Y M N CXXVI.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

- 1 LET earth before the Lord be still,
And tremble at his nod ;
Let saints obey his holy will,
And live and " walk with God."
- 2 The glory of the Christian name,
Howe'er it may seem odd,
This heavenly privilege can claim,
To live and walk with God.
- 3 Thus Enoch honour'd was of old,
For in this path he trod ;
And this of all the saints is told,
They liv'd and walk'd with God.

- 4 For 'tis alone by sovereign grace,
By Jesus' Word and rod,
That any of our fallen race
Have liv'd and walk'd with God.
- 5 His love has always been their hope,
His truth their feet has shod;
And, as his mercy held them up,
'T'hey liv'd and walk'd with God.
- 6 Their souls to greater things aspire
Than all this earthly clod;
For 'tis their heart's supreme desire
To live and walk with God.
- 7 Then let the saints this world disdain,
'Tis not our blest'd abode,
But this high privilege maintain,
To live and walk with God.

HYMN. CXXVII.

✓ He shall be for a Sanctuary. Isa. viii. 14.

- 1 Jesus, before thy face I fall,
My Lord, my life, my hope, my all!
For I have nowhere else to flee,
But to my sanctuary, *thee*.
- 2 In thee I every glory view,
Of safety, strength, and beauty too!
Dear Saviour! ever, ever be
A sanctuary unto me.
- 3 Whatever

- 3 Whateyer woes and fears betide,
In thy dear bosom let me hide;
And, while I pour my soul to thee,
Do thou my sanctuary be.
- 4 Through life, and all its changing scenes,
And all the grief that intervenes,
'Tis this supports my fainting heart,
That thou my sanctuary art.
- 5 Apace the solemn hour draws nigh,
When I must bow my head, and die;
But O what joy this promise gives:
JESUS, my sanctuary, lives!
- 6 He from the grave my dust will raise;
I in the heavens shall sing his praise;
And, when in glory I appear,
He'll be my sanctuary there.

✓ ~~HYMN~~ CXXVIII.

C. m. The Wisdom and Goodness of God.

- 1 GOD shall alone the refuge be,
And comfort of my mind;
Too wise to be mistaken He,
Too good to be unkind.
- 2 In all his holy sovereign will,
He is, I daily find,
Too wise to be mistaken still,
Too good to be unkind.

H 4

3 When

- 3 When I the tempter's rage endure,
'Tis God supports my mind ;
Too wise to be mistaken, sure,
Too good to be unkind.
- 4 When sore afflictions on me lie,
He is (though I am blind)
'Too wise to be mistaken, yea,
Too good to be unkind.
- 5 What tho' I can't his goings see,
Nor all his footsteps find,
'Too wise to be mistaken, He,
Too good to be unkind.
- 6 Hereafter he will make me know,
And I shall surely find,
He was too wise to err, and O,
Too good to be unkind. *W.R.*
- Thou art, and be thy name ador'd,
And be my soul resign'd ;
Too wise to be mistaken, Lord.
Too good to be unkind.

H Y M N CXXIX.

This Man shall be the Peace. Micah, v. 5.

- 1 BLESS'D be thy name, most glorious Lord !
For all the comforts of thy Word ;
Here would our souls with joy express
Our thanks, that JESUS is our "peace."
- 2 How sweet the favour of his name !
How bright the glories of his fame !

May

May our high praises never cease
To this God-man, who is our peace.

- 3 Should God permit a hostile band,
Assyrian like, t' invade our land ;
On such a scene of sore distress
Jesus shall be his people's peace.
- 4 When Satan, and corruption's rage,
Or heavy trials we engage ;
When doubts and fears our faith express ;
Still Jesus is our glorious peace.
- 5 When, in the solemn hour of death,
We bow our heads, and yield our breath ;
With holy joy his name we'll bless,
For then and there he'll be our peace.
- 6 But O, when we from death shall rise,
And mount, to meet him in the skies,
There, in the realms of heavenly bliss,
We'll ever sing, " He is our peace !"

HYMN CXXX.

In a Time of Affliction.

- 1 DEAR Lord ! in trouble's gloomy day,
I'll humbly seek thy face, and pray ;
To all my mournful cry attend,
And help, and peace, and comfort send.
- 2 Prostrate before thee in the dust,
I'll own thou'rt holy, wise, and just ;

H 5

Thy

Thy strokes I can, with truth, assert
Are lighter far than my desert.

- 3 Yet, Lord, permit my soul to plead
For help, in this my time of need;
O, make, and O, preserve me still
Submissive to thy holy will.
- 4 Give me a meek, a lowly mind,
Believing, patient, and resign'd;
And make me learn, my gracious God!
Obedience, by thy smiting rod.
- 5 Let not my heart with proud disdain
Against thee murmur or complain;
Nor let a hard or stupid frame
Dishonour thy most holy name!
- 6 Help me to bear, in this dark day,
The taking of my sins away;
And, since thou hast thy rod employ'd,
O, let my idols be destroy'd!
- 7 Tho' the fierce tempest now is strong,
And though 'tis dark, it won't be long;
I humbly hope for brighter days,
To speak, and sing, and live thy praise.
- 8 But O, my brightest times will be
When I thy face in glory see!
Releas'd from every painful care,
Nor sin, nor trouble, enter there.

HYMN CXXXI.

Like a Crane or a Swallow, &c. Isa. xxxviii. 14.

- 1 PERMIT a sinful worm, dear Lord !
Before thy feet to fall,
And there, encouraged by thy Word,
For help on thee to call.
- 2 Thou know'st my poor, vile, sinful heart,
With all its wants and fears ;
Let not thy mercy, Lord, depart,
But hear my cries and tears.
- 3 Just like a swallow, or a crane,
With feeble, chatt'ring cry,
I sigh, I languish, and complain,
Beneath thy gracious eye.
- 4 Like the poor widow'd dove, I mourn,
And sorrow fills my soul ;
O, for thy mercies' sake, return,
And heal and make me whole !
- 5 My eyes, with looking upward, fail,
My comforts all are gone !
My wretched case I here bewail,
And seek to thee alone.
- 6 By Satan, sin, and guilt, oppress'd,
O, for me undertake !
Thou see'st my soul is sore distress'd,
Lord, pity on me take !

- 7 Be thou my refuge and my strength,
And let me sweetly prove
The height, the breadth, the depth, the length,
Of everlasting love!
- 8 Let me, from thy most holy Word,
A glimpse of comfort see,
As coming from my dearest Lord,
And I'll contented be.

H Y M N CXXXII.

✓ Unto you he is precious. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 J E S U S "is precious," says the Word,
What comfort does this truth afford!
And those who in his name believe
With joy this precious truth receive.
- 2 To them he is more precious far,
Than life and all its comforts are;
More precious than their daily food,
More precious than their vital blood!
- 3 Not health, nor wealth, nor sounding fame,
Nor earth's deceitful, empty name,
With all its pomp, and all its glare,
Can with a precious Christ compare.
- 4 If light is precious to the eyes,
If learning's precious to the wise,
Whatever things men precious call,
Christ is more precious than them all.

- 5 If alms are precious to the poor,
If dying patients need a cure,
If captives precious freedom need,
Then Christ most precious is indeed.
- 6 He's precious, in his worthy name,
He's precious, in his heavenly fame,
He's precious, in his faithful Word,
He's precious, as he's Christ the Lord.
- 7 He's precious, in his precious blood,
That pardoning and soul-cleansing flood :
He's precious, in his righteousness,
That precious, holy, heavenly dress.
- 8 In every office he sustains,
In every victory he gains,
In every council of his will,
He's precious to his people still.
- 9 In every trial by the way,
In every dark and stormy day,
In all their sorrows and complaints,
He's precious still to all his saints.
- 10 As they draw near their journey's end,
How precious is their heavenly friend !
And, when in death they bow their head,
He's precious on a dying bed.
- 11 This sleeping dust shall, one day, rise
All glorious to their wond'ring eyes ;
And, when they at his bar appear,
- A precious Christ will bless them there.

12 Then,

- 12 Then, with him they to heaven shall go,
And all his precious glory know;
And, all eternity along,
“ A precious Christ,” shall be their song.
- 13 Among them, Lord, may I be found,
And with thy precious mercy crown'd;
Join the sweet song, and there adore
A precious Christ for evermore.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

I will tell you what he has done for my Soul.

- 1 My Saviour, my God, and my King!
In mercy look down from above:
Assist thy poor servant to sing
Thy faithfulness, power, and love.
Of all the redeemed on earth,
Whom thou from the curse hast set free,
Who know the celestial birth,
None need to sing louder than me.
- 2 I liv'd, walk'd, and wallow'd in sin,
To lusts and the devil a prey,
Polluted without and within,
In filthy corruption I lay:
I car'd not for JESUS, not I,
So stupid and harden'd my heart;
To him I ne'er once thought to cry,
But rather I bid him depart.
- 3 But he, all ador'd be his name!
Beheld me, and pitied my case;
On wings of sweet mercy he came,
And call'd me by sovereign grace.

He

He call'd me, and made my soul hear,
 And strait to his bosom I flew ;
 How sweet did the Saviour appear,
 When mercy was brought to my view !

4 He brought me from under the yoke,
 Where Satan had held me so long ;
 My chains and my fetters he broke,
 Tho' many, and heavy, and strong ;
 My soul from vile bondage he freed,
 And caus'd me his beauty to see ;
 O then was my JESUS indeed
 The chief of ten thousand to me !

5 He pardon'd my manifold crimes,
 And all my transgressions forgave ;
 I knew him, in those happy times,
 Both able and willing to save :
 Through grace, I can sing of it still,
 My JESUS is always the same ;
 Unchanging his power and will,
 All praise to his glorious name !

6 With tenderest kindness and care
 He leads my soul safely along,
 And for me breaks every snare,
 Though crafty, and cruel, and strong :
 He comforts my soul, by his Word,
 And cheers me, when ready to faint,
 And, like a compassionate Lord,
 Still listens to all my complaint.

- 7 He teaches and helps me to pray,
 And gives me access to his throne,
 And there all my burdens I lay,
 And trust in his mercy alone :
 He grants me to lean on his arm,
 He acts like my brother and friend,
 He kindly preserves me from harm,
 And surely he'll save to the end.
- 8 Yes, faithful his promise remains,
 And from it he'll never depart ;
 And this my soul daily sustains,
 His Word is the pledge of his heart :
 Of him thus I'll sing while I live,
 And daily for dying prepare ;
 And when I in glory arrive,
 I'll sing to eternity there.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

Which sleep in JESUS. 1 Thes. iv. 14.

- 1 DEAREST of names, our Lord, our King !
 JESUS, thy praise we humbly sing ;
 In cheerful songs will spend our breath,
 And, in thee, triumph over death.
- 2 Death is no more among our foes,
 Since Christ, the mighty Conqueror, rose ;
 Both power and sting the Saviour broke,
 He dy'd, and gave the finish'd stroke.

- 3 Saints die, and we should gently weep ;
Sweetly in JESU's arms they sleep ;
Far from this world of sin and woe,
Nor sin, nor pain, nor grief, they know.
- 4 Death no terrific foe appears,
An angel's lovely form he wears ;
A friendly messenger he proves,
To every soul whom JESUS loves.
- 5 Death is a sleep ; and O, how sweet,
To souls prepar'd its stroke to meet !
Their dying beds, their graves are blest'd,
For all to them is peace and rest.
- 6 Their bodies sleep, their souls take wing,
Uprise to heaven, and there they sing
With joy, before the Saviour's face,
Triumphant in victorious grace.
- 7 Soon shall the earth's remotest bound
Feel th' archangel's trumpet sound ;
Then shall the grave's dark caverns shake,
And joyful, all the faints shall wake.
- 8 Bodies and souls shall then unite,
Array'd in glory strong and bright ;
And all his faints will JESUS bring,
His face to see, his love to sing.
- 9 O, may I live with JESUS nigh,
And sleep in JESUS when I die ;
Then joyful, when from death I wake,
I shall eternal bliss partake.

[H Y M N CXXXV.

The End of all Things is at Hand. 1 Pet. iv. 7-

- 1 "THE end of all things is at hand,"
And can we unconcerned stand !
Waken, great God ! each careless soul,
Before the judgment thunders roll ;
- 2 Before the trumpet's dreadful sound
Cleaves the wide heavens, and shakes the ground ;
Before the vengeful light'nings fly,
'To burn the globe, and melt the sky ;
- 3 Before the great, tremendous day,
Shall Christ, in awful pomp, display ;
Before the summons from afar
Calls men and devils to his bar.
- 4 Then boast not strength, nor florid health,
Trust not in earthly friends, nor wealth ;
But live, this truth to understand :
"The end of all things is at hand."
- 5 Let this be, then, thy serious care :
Be sober, watchful, much in prayer ;
Let every holy path be trod ;
And thus prepare to meet thy God.
- 6 Live daily, as on dying ground ;
Attend the Gospel's joyful sound ;
Sit loose to all things here below,
And patient wait thy call to go.

7 Then

- 7 Then in Almighty love and power
Thou'lt triumph, in a dying hour ;
Secure of life above the skies,
And, at the end, in glory rise.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

Thou art my hiding Place. Psalm, cxix. 114.

- 1 I N cheerful notes my voice I'll raise,
And triumph in thy grace,
Who worthy art of all my praise,
My God, " my hiding place."
- 2 To thee, a sinner weak as I,
The vilest of the race,
For shelter and for safety fly,
My God, my hiding place.
- 3 Thanks to the Lord, there yet is room,
And mercy grants me space ;
To thee, and none but thee, I come,
My God, my hiding place.
- 4 From every crafty, cruel foe
Defend me, by thy grace ;
For I have nowhere else to go,
My God, my hiding place.
- 5 When storms and darkness gather round,
And thunder in my face,
Secure, in thee, may I be found,
My God, my hiding place.
- 6 Though

- 6 Though deaths, and dangers by the way,
My trembling heart menace,
Thou unto me art, day by day,
My God, my hiding place.
- 7 I bless thee, Lord, for all that's past,
And trust to see thy face
In the bright joys of heaven, at last,
My God, my hiding place.
- 8 There shall I triumph in thy love,
With all the ransom'd race;
And ever, ever sing, above,
"My God, my hiding place!"

H Y M N CXXXVII.

Christ the Door. John, x. 9.

- 1 MY soul, a joyful-song prepare,
The Saviour's wond'rous love declare;
Praise his dear name for evermore,
The only open, heavenly door.
- 2 Is "Christ the door?" then here I'll wait;
Thanks to his name! 'tis not too late:
Though late I come, and vile and poor,
God will receive me at this door.
- 3 Is Christ the door? let saints rejoice,
And bless him, with a cheerful voice;
Loud let your grateful praises sound,
For at this door you mercy found.
- 4 Is Christ the door? I'll enter in,
Bless'd be his name! he saves from sin;
Though

Though loud the thund'ring law may roar,
I shall find mercy at this door.

- 5 Ye sinners, perishing, and poor,
Look to this open, only door :
Fly, for destruction waits behind ;
Here, only here, you'll mercy find.
- 6 May we, when death's dark vale is pass'd,
Enter, by him, to heav'n at last ;
And there, in songs, for evermore
Exult in God, and bless this Door.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

A New Year.

- 1 WAKE, in a loud, a thankful song,
Our ev'ry pow'r of heart and tongue ;
With joy before the Lord appear,
To sing his name, on this New Year.
- 2 Large, kind, and free, has been our share
Of his paternal, tender care :
'Tis this has brought us safely here,
To sing his name, on this New Year.
- 3 Indulgent bounty has us fed ;
Unerring wisdom has us led ;
And here, thro' grace, we persevere
To sing his grace, on this New Year.
- 4 His pity, and his patience too,
Let us, with thankful hearts, review ;

These

- 6 Though deaths, and dangers by the way,
My trembling heart menace,
Thou unto me art, day by day,
My God, my hiding place.
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Let us, with thankful hearts, review ;

These

These have concurr'd our lives to spare;
And sing his name, on this New Year.

5 How kindly has he made us prove
The wond'rous blessings of his love !
How great that love, how free, how dear,
Of which we sing, on this New Year !

6 How have his favours been display'd !
But O what poor returns we've made !
For this our souls would mourn, while here
We sing his name, on this New Year.

7 Our follies past, dear Lord, forgive ;
Nearer to thee we long to live :
Our hearts establish in thy fear,
And thus may we begin the Year.

8 O that we may like JESUS walk,
And prove by actions, more than talk,
That we his name and Word revere,
And thus may we go on the Year.

9 Give us a calm, a humble mind,
To all thy holy will resign'd ;
And then, let what will interfere,
To us 'twill be a happy Year.

HYMN CXXXIX.

The Eleventh Hour. On the Conversion, and Penitent Death of a Malefactor, executed at Hull, in Yorkshire, 1778.

- 1 WE sing the Saviour's glorious name,
And joyful all his praise proclaim,
Whose sov'reign love, whose mighty pow'r
Saves rebels, at "the eleventh hour."
- 2 O, how amazing is his grace
To our apostate, ruin'd race!
Often he's pleas'd on such to show'r
Mercy, at the eleventh hour.
- 3 Of some we hear, of others read,
Who dreadful lengths in sin proceed,
Whom hell seems ready to devour,
Yet call'd, at the eleventh hour.
- 4 'Twas thus the penitential Thief,
In his last moments, found relief:
To Christ he cry'd, whose love and pow'r
Sav'd him, at the eleventh hour.
- 5 This sight, we trust, of late, has been
In Britain, at a gallows seen,
Where the Redeemer's glorious pow'r
Sav'd one, at the eleventh hour.
- 6 Harden'd in sin, with scoffing pride,
Judge, court, and sentence, he defied;

But,

But, O, the Saviour's glorious pow'r
Call'd him, at the eleventh hour !

- 7 Before the awful day comes on
Mercy descends, and melts him down;
All-conquering love displays its pow'r,
And saves him, at the eleventh hour !
- 8 By grace renew'd, he meets his fate,
Resign'd, repentant, and sedate ;
With joy the fatal string receives,
And, at the eleventh hour, believes.
- 9 What anthems such will sing, above,
To sov'reign, free, electing love !
And own, 'twas matchless grace and pow'r
Sav'd them, at the eleventh hour.

HYMN CXL.

The poor afflicted. Zeph. iii. 12.

- 1 COME, sinners, who mourn your wretched estate,
To JESUS return, whose love is so great,
He never rejected the sinner that came ;
"The poor and afflicted" shall trust in his name.
- 2 Though helpless, and weak, yet come to the
Lord ;
He still bids you seek, and help he'll afford :
Though him you've neglected, his love is the
same,
Ye poor and afflicted, O, trust in his name.

3 Though

- 3 Though Satan and sin are heavily felt,
He will take you in, and pardon your guilt ;
Though deeply convicted, and cover'd with
 shame,
Tho' poor and afflicted, yet trust in his name.
- 4 Though ever so vile, so loathsome, and poor,
Upon you he 'll smile, and grant you a cure ;
Though you have expected to suffer hell's flame,
Such poor and afflicted shall trust in his name.
- 5 In Zion, of old, were just such as you,
The Scriptures have told, and they must be true ;
Then be not dejected, though filthy and lame,
The poor and afflicted shall trust in his name.
- 6 Then, Lord, help poor me, to come at thy call ;
Thy mercy is free, before thee I fall ;
I shan't be rejected, though filthy and lame,
The poor and afflicted shall trust in thy name.
- 7 O, bring me, through grace, to glory above,
To see JESU's face, and sing of his love ;
The poor and afflicted, however they came,
Shall there be collected, and bless his dear
 name.

HYMN CXLI.

Divine Goodness.

I OF goodness divine,
And such, Lord, is thine,

I

Now

Now help thy poor servant to sing:
 O, let my heart be
 From hardness set free,
 While to thee this tribute I bring.

2 Bless'd Spirit! impart
 Thy grace to my heart;
 That here I may joyfully raise,
 In duty and love,
 To JESUS above,
 A song of thanksgiving and praise.

3 The state I was in,
 By nature and sin,
 Was bad as a sinner's could be;
 But he bid me live,
 And pardon did give;
 His goodness how sov'reign and free!

4 He saw my soul lay,
 To Satan a prey,
 Polluted, defil'd, and abhor'd;
 And yet, strange to tell,
 He sav'd me from hell;
 His goodness be ever ador'd!

5 A rebel in sin
 Against him I've been,
 And dar'd his salvation despise;
 But O, it is true,
 He did me subdue,
 And now how his goodness I prize!

6 My sin-wounded soul
 His mercy makes whole,

And all my disorders he cures ;
Physician and friend
Is he, to the end
His goodness for ever endures.

7 My ransom to pay,
And enmity stay,
Did he upon Calvary bleed ;
There JESUS alone
Did for me atone,
His goodness how wond'rous indeed !

8 My wants to supply
He ever is nigh,
And I with his kindness am crown'd ;
Upheld by his hand,
Before him I stand,
O, how does his goodness abound !

9 From him my vile heart
Is prone to depart,
And this makes me daily complain ;
Yet such is his love,
(And this I can prove)
His goodness restores me again.

10 The legions of foes,
Who daily oppose,
Are crafty, and cruel, and strong ;
And yet thro' them all,
The great and the small,
His goodness still leads me along.

11 Ere long, I to death
Shall yield up my breath,

For which may I daily prepare !
Yet then I shall find
My JESUS so kind,
His goodness shall comfort me there.

- 12 And when, at the word
Of JESUS, my Lord,
My dust from the tomb shall arise ;
For ever, above,
In raptures of love,
His goodness I'll sing, in the skies.

H Y M N CXLII.

The Mission of Christ.

- 1 "WHOM shall I send ?" the Father cries :
" Lo ! I am here," the Son replies :
¶ I'll veil my glories, all divine,
And to mine own, their nature join,
That bright in glory they may shine
To endless day :
- 2 " I'll satisfy the law's demands
For all who 're given to my hands :
The bitter cup for them I'll drink,
Nor shall my chosen ever sink ;
I'll raise them from th' infernal brink
To endless day."
- 3 Constrain'd by everlasting love,
He left the shining realms above ;

In

In sorrows spent his life on earth,
And then, on Calvary, vanquish'd death :
" 'Tis finish'd !" said his dying breath,
" To endless day :

4 " My ministers I'll send abroad,
To call my ransom'd back to God ;
Them I'll conduct, with tender care,
And bring, where those bright mansions are,
Which I for all my saints prepare,
To endless day."

5 Hark, how the Gospel trumpet sounds,
That free and sovereign grace abounds ;
That JESUS, by his precious blood,
Is bringing his elect to God,
And guides them safely on the road
To endless day !

6 Proclaim the ministerial call,
" My Gospel must be preach'd to all :
My grace is sovereign, rich, and free ;
My saints, of every degree,
Shall all in glory dwell, with me,
To endless day."

7 ' This is the grace, which cheers my heart,
Removes my pain, and soothes my smart !
O, the vast pangs he bore for me,
While hanging on the accursed tree,
That I with him might happy be
To endless day !

8 To him, and none but him, I'll fly,
That Ark of Safety ever nigh ;

O, that my soul may humbly sit
Like Mary, at my Saviour's feet,
And hold with him communion sweet.
To endless day!

9 To him I'll raise my noblest songs,
For O, to him my praise belongs;
For the redeem'd of Adam's race
Owe all their praise to sovereign grace,
And shall, to everlasting days,
Sing of his love.

10 Hail, mighty and victorious Lord!
Worthy art thou to be ador'd,
Who, long before time's round began,
Laid the vast, wise, and wond'rous plan,
To ransom every chosen man
To endless day.

11 Heavenly soldiers, still press on;
In Jesus see the conquest won!
Bright palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And crowns of glory you shall wear,
And his celestial kingdom share
To endless day.

12 You shall, at last, the chorus join,
Where saints and angels all combine
To sing of everlasting love,
In joy and extacy above,
While rolling years shall cease to move,
To endless day.

✓ H Y M N CXLIII.

O, save me, for thy Mercies sake.

- 1 REGARD, great God ! my mournful prayer,
Make my poor trembling soul thy care ;
For me in pity undertake,
“ And save me, for thy mercies sake.”
- 2 My soul's cast down within me, Lord,
And only thou canst help afford ;
Let not my heart with sorrow break,
But save me, for thy mercies sake.
- 3 Such dismal storms are rais'd within
By Satan, and in-dwelling sin,
Which all my soul with horror shake ;
O, save me, for thy mercies sake.
- 4 I've foes and fears of every shape,
Nor from them can my soul escape ;
Upon me, Lord, some pity take,
And save me, for thy mercies sake.
- 5 I've scarce a glimm'ring ray of light,
With me 'tis little else but night ;
O, for my help do thou awake ;
And save me, for thy mercies sake.
- 6 To me, dear Saviour, turn once more,
To my poor soul thy joys restore ;
Let me again thy smiles partake,
Lord save me, for thy mercies sake.

- 7 If I thy face in glory see,
Surely, dear Lord, this word will be
The truest that I ever spake :
“ Thou’st sav’d me, for thy mercies sake.

H Y M N CXLIV.

None but Christ.

- 1 HUMBLY to raise a song to thee,
JESUS, my heart prepare,
While to thy dearest arms I flee,
And nowhere else but there.
- 2 Pity a poor, dejected soul,
And hearken to his prayer,
Who looks to thee to be made whole,
And nowhere else but there.
- 3 To him who dy’d on Calvary’s tree
Thankful will I repair ;
For help and comfort, now I see,
Are nowhere else but there.
- 4 I’ll wait, and cry, and never cease,
Nor yield to black despair ;
For all my hope, and all my peace
Are nowhere else but there.
- 5 In his dear bosom will I hide,
And his compassion share ;
For peace, and all I want beside,
Are nowhere else but there.

- 6 To him my fears, and all my grief
 I'll constantly declare ;
 For all my real soul-relief
 Is nowhere else but there.
- 7 I'll trust his name, I'll plead his love,
 And on him cast my care ;
 And rest I'll seek with him, above,
 And nowhere else but there.

H Y M N CXLV.

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

- 1 O N C E more my soul attempts to praise,
 In humble, cheerful, joyful lays,
 My dear Redeemer's name ;
 He worthy is of all the songs,
 From all the hearts, and all the tongues
 In nature's wond'rous frame.
- 2 Far brighter than the radiant sun,
 He, on his high, resplendent throne,
 For ever reigns and shines ;
 Beaming a pure, celestial ray,
 Bright as the heaven's ætherial day,
 His glory ne'er declines.
- 3 Legions of angels round him stand,
 Waiting his high, supreme command,
 Obedient to his will ;
 With holy and delightful joy,
 They all their noblest powers employ,
 His mandates to fulfil.

- 4 All glowing with seraphic fire,
 There Gabriel tunes his golden lyre
 To all its loftiest strains ;
 Sweetly he sweeps the sounding strings,
 While to the incarnate God he sings
 Through all the heavenly plains.
- 5 Millions of our apostate race,
 Redeem'd and sav'd by sovereign grace,
 Join the triumphant song ;
 In lofty numbers there they tell
 The glories of Emanuel,
 Eternity along.
- 6 There, when I've yielded up my breath,
 And pass'd the gloomy vale of death,
 Among them I shall sing,
 In songs and anthems ever new,
 With all his glories full in view,
 My Saviour and my King.

H Y M N CXLVI.

The Message of God. Judges, iii. 20.

- 1 GREAT God ! thy blessing now impart,
 Bring home thy Word to ev'ry heart ;
 Seal'd to us all let this truth be :
 " God has a message unto me."
- 2 If God set home a sense of guilt,
 The stoutest sinner's heart shall melt ;
 And this shall make him say and see,
 " God has a message unto me."

3 O, be

- 3 O, be thine arm revealed now,
And stubborn infidels shall bow;
And each shall say, and feel, and see,
" God has a message unto me."
- 4 The Pharisee, with all his pride,
Cover'd with shame, his face shall hide;
And in this solemn truth agree :
" God has a message unto me."
- 5 The formal, and backslider too,
Their sin and wretchedness shall view;
They each shall cry, and each shall see
" God has a message unto me."
- 6 Nor less shall each dear saint rejoice,
And thankful sing, with heart and voice,
" Blessed for ever let him be !
God has a message unto me."
- 7 Whenever I'm permitted, Lord,
To read, or hear thy holy Word,
O, let it ever, ever be
A message from my God to me.

H Y M N CXLVII.

Casting all your Care on Him. 1 Peter, v. 7.

- 1 YE saints, a joyful song prepare,
To God your praise is due;
And on him cast " your ev'ry care,"
For O, he cares for you.

- 2 His wisdom, power, and love, you share ;
His Word, you know, is true ;
Then on him cast your ev'ry care,
For still he cares for you.
- 3 How great his tender mercies are,
And ev'ry morning new !
Then on him cast your daily care,
For still he cares for you.
- 4 When you the heaviest crosses bear,
And comforts are but few,
Upon him cast your painful care,
Because he cares for you.
- 5 When sickness shall your body tear,
And death appear in view,
Then on him cast your every care,
For still he cares for you.
- 6 Resign your all into his hands,
Who faithful is, and true ;
For ever sure this promise stands :
That still " he cares for you."

H Y M N CXLVIII.

Blessed are they which are persecuted, &c.

Matt. v. 10, 11, 12.

- 1 BLESS'D are the souls which suffer shame,
Scorn, rage, and death, for JESU'S name ;
Who in the sharpest pains expire,
Or on the wheel, or in the fire.

2 Bless'd

- 2 Bless'd souls ! their suff'rings plainly shew
Their faith, their love, their zeal, are true,
Who for their Saviour yield their breath,
Nor love their lives unto the death.
- 3 For him, they pain and death despise,
Secure of life above the skies ;
There, as their great and sure reward,
A heav'nly kingdom stands prepar'd.
- 4 Prophets, and saints, who're gone before,
The same dark scenes have travers'd o'er ;
Through racks, and fires, and seas of blood,
They forc'd their way, to meet their God.
- 5 Beyond the reach of evil tongues,
Freed from vile slanders, scoffs, and wrongs,
In glory now their songs they raise
Triumphant, in their Saviour's praise.
- 6 Then let the suff'ring saints be glad,
Thus they're conform'd to Christ, their Head,
And all, who suffer for his sake,
Are bless'd, and shall of heav'n partake.

H Y M N CXLIX.

For thine is the Glory.

- 1 To thee, my God, my soul would raise
A song of humble, grateful praise ;
Do thou suggest each line :
And while, with joyful heart, I sing
Thy dearest name, my God, my King,
Be all " the glory thine."

2 'Tis

- 2 'Tis by thy favour, Lord, I'm found
Alive, and yet on mercy's ground,
Upheld by pow'r divine :
'Tis thou who dost my being give ;
In thee, I move, in thee, I live,
And be the glory thine.
- 3 Thy tender, thy indulgent care,
How do I kindly, daily, share !
What blessings, Lord, are mine !
All constant, wonderful, and free,
Bestow'd on such a worm as me ;
And be the glory thine.
- 4 'Tis thou who hast renew'd my soul,
Pardon'd my sins, and made me whole,
And caus'd thy face to shine ;
For never, sure, did sov'reign grace
Save one more vile of Adam's race ;
And be the glory thine.
- 5 'Tis thou, whose tender love and care
Have often broke the tempter's snare,
And baffled his design ;
Have oft confus'd his hellish art,
And turn'd aside his flaming dart,
O, be the glory thine !
- 6 And have I, Lord, in heaven a place,
And shall I there behold thy face,
And bright in glory shine ?
There shall I sweep the golden string,
And, in celestial rapture, sing,
" Be all the glory thine ? "

HYMN CL.

The barren Fig Tree. Matt. xxi. 19.

- 1 Now let our souls with pleasure sit
As scholars, at our Teacher's feet ;
Regard the dictates of his Word,
And learn a lesson of the Lord.
- 2 His church is here a vineyard nam'd,
For many precious blessings fam'd ;
His love, his pow'r, his care, his grace,
Stand all engag'd to guard the place.
- 3 Yet, in this sacred, happy ground,
Some "barren fig trees" may be found :
Bless'd Spirit ! now the word apply,
And each shall say, "Lord, is it I?"
- 4 Professing Christ, and void of grace,
Most awful, most alarming case !
Lord, search the whole assembly round,
Nor let us hypocrites be found.
- 5 How many years has JESUS fought
For fruit on us, and found it not !
How might he justly frown, and say :
"Remove these cumber-grounds away !"
- 6 But O ! he's pleas'd yet to spare,
And bring us to another year :
Lord, dig about, and dress each heart,
And let thy love new life impart.

- 7 This year, thy church, thy vineyard, bless
With all the fruits of righteousness ;
From barrenness our souls defend,
And love and save us to the end.

H Y M N C L I.

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

- 1 Now let our souls with joy arise,
And join the anthems in the skies ;
There our Emanuel holds his throne
In boundless glories, all his own.
- 2 Bright Seraphs bow before him there,
Angels his matchless fame declare ;
Cast all their honours at his feet,
While on his triumph there they wait.
- 3 " All hail, incarnate God !" they cry,
And shouts of glory fill the sky ;
While the vast concaves loud resound
Unceasing echoes to the sound.
- 4 There the bright hosts of happy saints,
Freed from their sins, and sad complaints,
As to his radiant throne they rise,
Shout the Redeemer thro' the skies.
- 5 " Worthy the Lamb !" is all the song
Of this harmonious, happy throng ;
While, with sublimest joy, they rove
O'er the vast wonders of his love.

- 6 For ever dear, for ever bright,
Is JESUS to their ravish'd sight ;
There, to eternity they prove
Boundless, immortal, glorious love.
- 7 Divine Redeemer ! from thy throne
O look, in gentle pity, down ;
And, while thy praise is our employ,
Glance a bright ray of heav'nly joy.

H Y M N CLII.

On the Death of Children.

Set your Affections on Things above. Col. iii. 2.

- 1 D E A R, sympathizing Saviour ! hear
Thy mourning servants cry ;
Parental sorrow prompts the tear,
Affection heaves the sigh.
- 2 With their bereaved, bleeding hearts,
Friendship and love would join ;
As brethren, we would bear our parts,
And in their woes combine.
- 3 Commiſſion'd from th' eternal throne,
Pale death appear'd in view,
And, e'er one week had round them shone,
Two lovely infants flew.
- 4 Who, that has known a parent's love,
And felt death's parting stroke,
But here must feel their bowels move,
And heav'nly love invoke ?
- 5 O pity,

- 5 O, pity, pity, Lord, and heal
This deep, this bleeding wound;
And let the mourning parents feel
Celestial peace abound.
- 6 Gain their affections, Lord, to thee,
Increase their faith and love;
And let their joy and comfort be
Alone in things above.
- 7 Help them to bow, as in the dust,
And meekly kiss the rod,
While in thy love they humbly trust,
Thou ever gracious God!
- 8 Bless to us all thy precious Word,
And daily may we prove,
That our affections, dearest Lord,
Are set on things above.

H Y M N CLIII.

The Parable of the rich Man. Luke, xvi. 19.

- 1 A H, wretched soul! to seek, and strive
Alone on earthly joys to live,
And basely thus to disregard
The Gospel blessings of the Lord!
- 2 When wealth abounds, and goods increase,
He thinks his joys will never cease;
“Eat, drink, be merry,” is his cry,
And not a thought, that he must die.

- 3 Elate with pride, and void of fears,
He boasts his wealth for num'rous years;
Such streams of riches on him flow,
Elate, he cries, "*What shall I do?*"
- 4 "My new-built barns my grain shall hold,
And larger coffers keep my gold;"
'Thus wealth and honours round him shine,
And pride exults, "all this is mine!"
- 5 But O, the poor deluded wretch,
However fam'd, however rich,
Is little of his fate aware,
Or thinks the stroke of death so near.
- 6 "Thou fool!" says God, with dreadful voice,
"No more in all thy wealth rejoice;
This night thy soul in death must fall,
And thou must leave thy boasted all."
- 7 Then, whose shall all thy riches be?
Or where for succour wilt thou flee?
With all thy wealth, with all thy boast,
Alas! thy soul's for ever lost.
- 8 Thus those must fall beneath his rod,
Who're rich on earth, but not to God;
Like fools they live, though death is nigh,
And, at the last, like fools they die.
- 9 Lord, for thyself, my soul prepare,
Help me to 'scape the cursed snare;
Let not my life in sin be pass'd,
Nor let me die a fool at last.

H Y M N CLIV.

And in this Place will I give Peace. Hag. ii. 9.

- 1 J E S U S, to thy exalted name
Our praise shall never cease ;
With humble joy we sing thy fame,
Thou mighty " Prince of Peace !"
- 2 O matchless grace ! O wond'rous love
To our apostate race !
Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
And fill our hearts with peace.
- 3 Now, may thy Word be here fulfill'd ;
Make this the happy place
Where thy sweet peace shall be reveal'd,
And all thy glorious grace.
- 4 Here let salvation's joyful sound
Proclaim the glad release,
And many precious souls be found,
To know and feel thy peace.
- 5 Let peace for ever fill our hearts,
And peace inflame our love,
That peace, which heav'nly joy imparts,
And smiles and sings above.

H Y M N CLV.

Christ the Sinner's only Refuge.

- 1 G R E A T King of Glory, and of Grace,
J E S U S, Almighty Lord !
Reveal to us thy smiling face,
And bless us in thy Word.

- 2 How precious, Lord, to such as we,
Should be this joyful sound:
That free-forgiveness is with thee,
And grace does still abound !
- 3 Beset with danger, guilt, and fear,
Where shall the sinner flee ?
Or how of mercy shall he hear,
If not, dear Lord, from thee ?
- 4 See him, compell'd by deep distress,
Behold, he longs to come :
Reach forth the sceptre of thy grace,
And shew him there is room.
- 5 This is the last resolve he makes,
Viewing himself undone ;
All other refuge he forsakes,
And flies to thee alone.
- 6 O, may we never bear the doom
Of those, who Christ neglect ;
Since JESUS says, " that all who come,
He never will reject."

H. Y M N CLVI.

Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your Rest! &c.
Micah, ii. 10.

- 1 ARISE, my soul ! from hence depart,
Earth's but a dream at best ;
Oft has it made my soul to smart,
I know 'tis " not my rest."

2 O how

- 2 O, how polluted are its joys !
What snares its paths infest !
Its pleasures all are dang'rous toys,
Nor is it, Lord, my rest.
- 3 A sore destruction waits its end;
God's holy Word attest ;
Then earth can never stand my friend,
Nor can it be my rest.
- 4 Not men, nor creatures here below,
In all their glory dress'd,
Can to my soul true comfort show,
Because they're not my rest.
- 5 Yet, Lord, how prone I find my heart,
On earth to make my nest ;
Bid me arise, from hence depart,
For this is not my rest.
- 6 Call my affections to the skies,
Thy glory let me see ;
And daily let my soul arise,
And find my rest, in thee.
- 7 For ev'ry changing scene below,
For death my soul prepare ;
Then to thy bosom let me go,
And rest for ever, there.

H Y M N CLVII.

I will not leave you comfortless. John, xiv. 18.

- 1 COME ye, who know the Saviour's love,
And his indulgent mercies prove,

In

In cheerful songs his praise express,
"For he'll not leave you comfortless."

- 2 He ever acts the Saviour's part,
With strong compassions in his heart ;
The least and weakest saint he'll bless,
Nor will he leave him comfortless.
- 3 His wisdom, goodness, power, and care,
They largely, sweetly, daily share ;
He will their ev'ry fear suppress,
Nor will he leave them comfortless.
- 4 While they are sojourners below,
And travel in this world of woe,
Thro' storms, and floods of deep distress,
He will not leave them comfortless.
- 5 So, when they pass death's gloomy vale,
And flesh, and mortal powers fail,
Joyful their dying lips confess,
He does not leave them comfortless.
- 6 When they, at last, shall meet above,
In that bless'd world of joy and love,
Their happy songs will then express,
He has not left them comfortless.
- 7 Thanks to thy name, our dearest Lord,
For ev'ry promise in thy Word ;
But O, with *this*, our hearts impress :
"*I will not leave you comfortless.*"

H Y M N CLVIII.

Christ the Shepherd of his People. *Isaiah, xi. 14.*

- 1 IN humble strains of praise and love,
Now let the saints address their king;
Let all their hearts ascend above,
And JESUS, "their great Shepherd," sing.
- 2 The great, the kind, the wise, the good,
The only Shepherd, JESUS is :
He, for the flock, paid down his blood,
By ev'ry tie they must be his.
- 3 He feeds them with a shepherd's care,
He guides them with a watchful eye ;
The lambs his love, and pity share,
His arm, his bosom, still is nigh.
- 4 The weary, weak, and burden'd soul,
He gently leads to heav'nly rest ;
His love shall ev'ry fear control,
And, in his love, they shall be bless'd.
- 5 Dear Shepherd, feed and guide us too,
And never from thee let us stray ;
Still let us keep thy love in view,
And joyfully go on our way.

H Y M N CLIX.

Christ the Root and Offspring of David.

- 1 ALL hail, thou great Emanuel !
Thy love, thy glory, who can tell ?

Angels,

Angels, and all the heav'nly host
Are, in the boundless prospect, lost.

- 2 Mortals, with reverential songs,
Take his dear name upon your tongues;
With holy fear attempt his praise,
In solemn, yet triumphant lays.
- 3 Among a thousand forms of love,
In which he shines and smiles above,
This, with peculiar joy, we view,
He's David's root, and offspring too.
- 4 There JESUS, in the glorious plan
Shines, the great God, the wond'rous man!
As God, the root of all our bliss,
As man, the Branch of Righteousness.
- 5 As grafted on this heavenly root,
O, may we live, and bring forth fruit;
And, under this dear branch of love,
Safety, and shade, and comfort prove.
- 6 All hail, thou dear, redeeming Lord!
All hail, thou coessential Word!
All hail, thou Root and Branch divine!
All hail, and be the glory thine!

H Y M N CLX.

Christ the bright and Morning Star. Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 JOYFUL, ye saints, attend, and raise
Your voices, in harmonious praise;
Bless'd spirit! ev'ry heart prepare,
To sing "the bright, the Morning Star."

- 2 In glory bright the Saviour reigns,
And endless grandeur there sustains ;
We view his beams, and from afar
Sing *him*, the bright, the Morning Star.
- 3 Bless'd Star ! where'er his lustre shines,
He all the soul with grace refines,
And makes each happy saint declare,
He is the bright, the Morning Star.
- 4 Sweet Star ! his influence is divine ;
Life, peace, and joy, attending shine :
Death, hell, and sin, before him flee,
The bright, the Morning Star, is He.
- 5 Great Star ! in whom salvation dwells,
His beam the thickest cloud expels ;
The grossest darkness flies afar,
Before this bright, this Morning Star.
- 6 Most glorious Star ! be thou our guide,
Nor from our souls thy shining hide ;
Let nothing thy sweet beams debar,
Thou only bright, and Morning Star !
- 7 Eternal Star ! divinely bright !
Fill all our hearts with heav'nly light ;
Eternal all thy glories are,
Jesus, thou bright, thou Morning Star !
- 8 Divinely sweet our songs shall rise,
When we shall meet him, in the skies ;
And, in eternal anthems, there
Sing *him*, the bright, the Morning Star.

H Y M N CLXI.

I will sing of excellent Things. *Isaiah, xii. 5.*

- 1 WAKE, all our cheerful pow'rs, to praise,
And touch the tuneful strings,
While we our thankful voices raise,
And sing of heav'nly things.
- 2 Th' eternal, sov'reign Love of God,
That source of all our bliss,
When in the heart 'tis shed abroad,
How excellent is this !
- 3 The spirit's work of sov'reign grace,
In ag'd, or youthful years,
Where'er this blessed change takes place,
Most excellent appears.
- 4 JESUS, the Saviour, brother, friend
Of such poor worms as we,
Whose loving-kindness knows no end,
How excellent is he !
- 5 The precious comforts of his Word,
Which all his children feed,
When they're applied by the Lord,
How excellent indeed !
- 6 The Saviour's blood, and righteousness
Are great, beyond compare ;
Nor can our loftiest songs express
How excellent they are.

- 7 The heav'nly mansions, bright and pure,
The joys, that never cease,
Which to eternity endure,
How excellent are these !
- 8 Cheerful, my soul, attend his Word,
Believe, obey, and sing,
The Gospel is, O, bless the Lord !
So excellent a thing.
- 9 When I, at death, leave all things here,
And up to JESUS flee,
Then will these glorious things appear
Most excellent to me.

H Y M N CLXII.

If you have tasted that the Lord is gracious. 1 Pet. ii. 3.

- 1 YE saints, your grateful tribute bring,
And JESUS, your great Saviour, sing ;
For you have tasted of his love,
And all his tender mercies prove.
- 2 If you have tasted of his grace,
Let joy and wonder never cease ;
For 'tis thro' matchless grace alone
You've Christ, and his salvation known.
- 3 If you have tasted of his Word,
Sing the loud praises of the Lord ;
For well you know its smallest crumb
" Sweeter than honey, or the comb."

- If you have tasted of that feast,
Wherein his dying love's express'd;
You, thro' the sign, have sweetly view'd
You're ransom'd, sav'd, and cleans'd, by blood.
- 5 If you have tasted of his pow'r,
In sorrow's, or temptation's hour,
You can, by sweet experience, say,
"Strength has been equal to your day."
- 6 If you have tasted of that bliss,
Which saints enjoy, where JESUS is,
You have the earnest, and the seal
Of pleasures, which can never fail.
- 7 Then bless his name for all that's past,
He'll bring you safely home, at last;
Wait on him still, in all his ways,
There taste his love, and sing his praise:
- 8 Others invite, with pious care,
To taste the blessings, which you share;
Point to the Word, which bids them "come,"
And gladly tell them, "*yet here's room.*"

H Y M N CLXIII.

My Heart is toward, &c. Judges, v. 9.

1. W H E N Deb'rah, rais'd by Israel's God
To lead, and judge the land,
Had broke the Cana'nitish rod
In Jabin's wrathful hand:

K 3

2 When

- 2 When Israel's sword, and Kishon's flood
Had swept the host away ;
And Sis'ra, welt'ring in his blood,
As slain by Jael, lay :
- 3 'Twas thus she sung, and sweet the song :
" Praise, praise the Lord of Hosts ;
His arm, in glory bright and strong
I've seen, thro' all our coasts.
- 4 " Princes and people fly to arms,
And God their march attends ;
His dread the daring foe alarms,
And he the victory sends.
- 5 " There Israel's governors appear'd,
And with the people join'd ;
Offer'd themselves, and nothing fear'd,
With willing heart and mind.
- 6 " My heart approves such gen'rous men,"
The prophet's records :
" I praise their zeal and love ; but then
The glory be the Lord's."
- 7 Go ye, dear saints, in JESU's cause
Act the same noble part ;
Yield, to his honour, house, and laws
Your hand, your purse, your heart.

H Y M N CLXIV.

Looking unto JESUS. Heb. xii. 2.

- 1 F O R us, our gracious God, appear,
And all our souls with comfort fill ;
That we in grace may persevere,
Looking, by faith, to JESUS still.
- 2 With patience, zeal, and holy love,
May we th' appointed race fulfil ;
And all our hearts be fix'd above,
Looking, by faith, to JESUS still.
- 3 Though sore afflictions may abide,
And foes combin'd, may strive to kill ;
No real harm shall us betide,
Looking alone to JESUS still.
- 4 We'll welcome life, or welcome death,
Just as it please thy sovereign will ;
With joy we'll live, or yield our breath,
Looking, by faith, to JESUS still.
- 5 Ere long, we hope his face to see,
And sing, on Zion's heavenly hill ;
Where this our happiness will be,
Looking, with joy, to JESUS still.

H Y M N CLXV.

Christ the Living Stone. 1 Peter, ii. 4.

PART I.

- 1 C O M E, happy souls, who know the Lord,
Who love, and trust his sacred Word ;

K 4

With

- With songs address his gracious throne,
And JESUS sing, "the Living Stone."
- 2 With you my thankful soul shall join,
In work so pleasant, so divine ;
A monument of grace, alone
I stand on Christ, the Living Stone.
- 3 No other trust shall intervene,
To him I'll look, on him I'll lean ;
And all foundations I'll disown,
But him, who is the Living Stone.
- 4 Though sins and sorrows o'er me roll,
He quickens and restores my soul ;
My life and comforts all, I own,
Flow only from this Living Stone.
- 5 Though death, and dangers round me close,
Tho' strong and subtle are my foes ;
In strength divine, I'll still press on,
And to him come, the Living Stone.
- 6 Here my salvation stands secure,
This "Rock of Ages" must endure ;
Nor shall my hope be overthrown,
Built upon "Christ, the Living Stone."

HYMN CLXV.

PART II.

- 1 THOUGH, by the ignorant and proud,
This "Living Stone," is disallow'd ;
Yet God, in spite of all his foes,
This Living Stone for ever chose.

- 2 Chosen of God, and precious too
Is he, in each believer's view :
Built upon him, and 'stablish'd here,
They all as living stones appear.
- 3 Here the great Builder, God, will raise
A house, a temple, for his praise ;
Here Gospel sacrifices claim
Acceptance, through the Saviour's name.
- 4 Here, as prepar'd by sovereign grace,
Each living stone shall fill his place ;
And every one, or great, or small,
Reflect his glory through it all.
- 5 View the vast building, see it rise ;
The work how strong, the plan how wise !
Beauty, and grandeur, all divine,
Throughout the whole resplendent shine.
- 6 Where'er I cast my eyes abroad,
The labour's worthy of a God :
And, through the whole, there's not a stone,
But cost the Builder's heart a groan.
- 7 Soon shall the Top-stone forth be brought,
To crown the work his love has wrought ;
And, to the praise of sovereign grace,
Shall loud hosannas fill the place.
- 8 JESUS, I fly alone to thee ;
A lively stone O may I be,
With which thou wilt this building raise,
And I'll for ever sing thy praise.

H Y M N CLXVI.

And be found in Him. Phil. iii. 9.

- 1 B R E A T H E, gracious Spirit ! on my heart ;
And strength and liberty impart,
To aid the tuneful sound :
Sweetly prepare my soul, to sing
JESUS, my Saviour, God, and King ;
In whom may I be found.
- 2 Let those, who regal sceptres sway,
And force the nations to obey,
Seek fame's deceitful sound :
A nobler object I'll pursue,
Christ is the Prize I have in view ;
" In him may I be found."
- 3 Let the proud sons of clay proclaim
Their thirst for honour's empty name,
To make their joys abound :
I seek for honours from above,
The fruit of Christ's eternal love ;
In him may I be found.
- 4 Let pleasure's giddy throng advance,
Who madly lead the sportive dance,
And jocund beat the round ;
Gladly from such, I turn my eyes
To heaven, and JESUS, in the skies ;
In him may I be found.

- 5 Let grov'ling muck-worms hug their gold,
 And smile to hear their thousands told,
 Pleas'd with the tinkling sound:
 Jesus alone my treasure is,
 Riches unsearchable are his;
 In him may I be found.
- 6 Let sensual minds indulge their lust,
 And all their shameful revels boast,
 Where souls in sin are drown'd:
 Lord, I aspire to nobler joy,
 The Saviour's praise be my employ;
 In him may I be found.
- 7 Let atheists mock, let deists scorn
 The sacred page, the Godhead born,
 And cast contempt around:
 What they despise, my soul reveres,
 And Jesus precious still appears;
 In him may I be found.
- 8 Let proud self-righteous sinners, trust
 Good works, good hearts, to make them just,
 And so with God compound:
 My soul disdains their painted dress,
 Jesus is all my righteousness;
 In him may I be found.
- 9 Let vile apostates turn aside,
 And Christ and holiness deride,
 And hate the joyful sound:
 Thy ways, O Lord, I'll never leave,
 But to my Jesus ever cleave;
 In him may I be found.

- 10 When life, and mortal joys shall fail,
When, passing thro' the gloomy vale,
His love shall me surround:
And when I at his Bar appear,
And from his lips my sentence hear,
In him I shall be found.
- 11 When, from the dust of death, I rise,
And join the triumph in the skies,
To glory's utmost bound;
'Tis this shall make my anthems sweet,
And all my heavenly bliss complete:
That I in him am found.

H Y M N CLXVII.

Death and the Resurrection.

And though, after my Skin, Worms destroy this Body,
yet in my Flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for
myself, and mine Eyes shall behold, and not another.
Job, xix. 26. 27.

- 1 MY life's a shade; my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord to life will raise
My mortal dust, to shine:
Sweet truth to me!
I shall arise,
And, with these eyes,
My Saviour see!
- 2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones, till that bright day,
I rise from my long sleep,
And leave this bed of clay:

Sweet

Sweet truth to me !
I shall arise,
And, with these eyes,
My Saviour see !

3 Then the archangel shall
His golden trumpet sound ;
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound :
Sweet truth to me !
I shall arise,
And, with these eyes,
My Saviour see !

4 I've sometimes said, with tears,
" Ah me ! I'm loath to die ;"
Lord, scatter all my fears,
Bring thy salvation nigh :
Sweet truth to me !
I shall arise,
And, with these eyes,
My Saviour see !

5 What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death ?
With Christ I ne'er shall part,
Tho' I resign my breath :
Sweet truth to me !
I shall arise,
And with these eyes,
My Saviour see !

6 Then

- 6 Then welcome, harmless grave!
By thee to heaven I'll go;
JESUS my soul shall save,
And endless life bestow :
Sweet truth to me !
I shall arise,
And, with these eyes,
My Saviour see !

H Y M N CLXVIII.

How shall I give thee up, Ephraim ? how shall I deliver thee, Israel ? how shall I make thee as Admah ? how shall I set thee as Zeboim ? mine Heart is turned within me, my Repentings are kindled together.

I will not execute the Fierceness of mine Anger, I will not return to destroy Ephraim ; for I am God, and not Man ; the Holy One in the midst of thee : and I will not enter into the City. Hosea, xi. 8. 9.

- 1 " How shall I give Ephraim up,
Or make him drink the wrathful cup ?
Shall I deliver Israel too,
And let my son for ever go ?
- 2 " Shall my saints be, tho' they have stray'd,
Like Admah or Zeboim, made ?
Shall I in awful, dreadful ire,
Doom them to hell's eternal fire ?
- 3 " Ah, no ! my heart is turn'd within,
I'll punish, yet forgive, their sin ;
And my repentance shall declare
The truth, which I to Israel swear.

4 " I'll

- 4 " I'll never let my Word be broke,
Nor, in fierce anger, deal the stroke ;
My dreadful wrath I'll not employ,
Nor Ephraim will I e'er destroy.
- 5 " No, I'll fulfil my gracious plan,
For I am God, and not like man ;
And I thine Holy One will be,
Thy glory in the midst of thee.
- 6 " Preserv'd, and favour'd by my hand,
My church shall, like a city, stand ;
Nor will I enter as a foe,
But there my saints my love shall know.
- 7 " Their sad backslidings I'll forgive,
And they shall turn again, and live ;
I will again my joys restore,
And they shall sigh and weep no more."
- 8 Lord, let these truths our hearts impress,
That we thy holy name may bless ;
Here, in sweet songs of humble love,
And in immortal strains, above.

H Y M N CLXIX.

Eternity.

- 1 O Thou eternal, glorious Lord !
Thy gracious presence now afford :
To all our souls thine influence bring,
While of *eternity* we sing.
- 2 Eternity, stupendous theme !
Compar'd herewith, our life's a dream :

Eternity,

Eternity, O, awful sound!

A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.

- 3 Eternity, the dread abode
And habitation of our God!
His glory fills the vast expanse,
Beyond the reach of mortal sense.
- 4 But an *eternity* there is
Of endless woe, or joyful bliss;
And, swift as time fulfils its round,
We to *eternity* are bound.
- 5 And is *eternity* so near?
And must we all, and soon, be there?
Prepare our souls, O, blessed God!
To meet our last, our long abode.
- 6 Sinners, beware! the time will come,
When you must hear, and know your doom;
O, to the Lord for mercy flee,
Now, e'er you meet eternity.
- 7 Ye gracious souls, with joy look up,
In Christ rejoice, your glorious hope!
This everlasting bliss secures,
God and eternity are yours.

H Y M N CLXX.

A National Fast, 1779.

The Signs of the Times. Matt. xvi. 3.

- 1 LORD, hear a guilty Nation mourn,
Nor let thy dreadful anger burn;

We

- We own, and we lament our crimes,
And see "the signs of threaten'ning times."
- 2 We tremble at thine awful hand,
Stretch'd out against our sinful land ;
At home, abroad, in distant climes,
We see the signs of dreadful times.
- 3 We feel at home, and hear from far,
Alarming sounds of thund'ring war ;
The guilt of our enormous crimes
Brings on the signs of bloody times.
- 4 What sins, what horrid sins abound !
While earthquakes dire convulse the ground :
Shall we not these, thy judgments, fear,
When signs of such dark times appear ?
- 5 How is religion folly deem'd,
And thy most Holy Name blasphem'd !
While numbers strive, who most shall do,
The signs of harden'd times to shew.
- 6 Surely such awful times declare
The day of judgment must be near ;
When sinners, in astonish'd crowds,
Shall see Christ coming in the clouds.
- 7 Prepare us, Lord, for that great day ;
Forgive, and take our sins away ;
Then shall we see, without a fear,
The "coming of the Lord" draw near.
- 8 Our king, the state, and councils bless ;
Crown fleets and armies with success ;

Crush

Crush the perfidious, haughty foe,
And signs, and times of vict'ry show.

- 9 Lord, our dear native country, spare !
Attend our cry, and hear our prayer ;
And yet, in mercy, let us see
The signs of better times from thee.

H Y M N CLXXI.

For a Fast Day.

For the Eyes of the Lord, &c. 2 Chron. xvi. 9.

- 1 GREAT God ! whose holy eyes survey
Thy infinite domain,
Naked and open to thee lie
The souls, and thoughts of men.
- 2 Far beyond earth's remotest bound,
To thine eternal throne,
Thine eyes explore all worlds around,
And make thy glories known.
- 3 Swifter than light'ning's vivid glare,
And brighter than the sun,
Through heaven, and earth, and seas, and air
Thine eyes for ever run.
- 4 'Tis thy delight thyself to shew
Divinely strong and kind,
Forgiving, faithful, just, and true,
To every upright mind.
- 5 O, let thy gracious eyes regard
The worship of this day ;
Pity the nation, dearest Lord,
And hear us, when we pray.

6 O, let

- 6 O, let thine eyes be on our king,
And all his councils bless ;
Upon his foes confusion fling,
And give his arms success.
- 7 O, let thine eyes be on our land,
Subdue, forgive our sin ;
Let thy almighty, gracious hand,
Reforming work begin.
- 8 O, let thine eyes be on us all,
Hear us, from heaven above ;
On thee, and none but thee, we call,
Thou " God of truth and love."

H Y M N CLXXII.

Come, see a Man. John, iv. 29.

- 1 JESUS, dear Lord, we bless his name,
And joyful sing his glorious fame ;
He laid salvation's wond'rous plan :
Come, sinners, "*come, and see the man.*"
- 2 He kindly calls the sin-sick soul,
Heals all his wounds, and makes him whole ;
He saves, and none beside him can :
Come, sinners, *come, and see the man.*
- 3 He tells you all that you have done,
Shows you what dreadful lengths you've run ;
'Twas he in you this work began :
Come then, *O come, and see the man.*

- 4 Bow to the sceptre of the Lord,
Trust in his name, receive his Word :
From his rich grace too far you ran :
Now turn, and *come, and see the man.*
- 5 He calls you still, O, bless the day !
Nor from him turn your hearts away ;
Your time is short, your life's a span :
Then come, *O come, and see the man.*
- 6 Come, and receive his precious love,
And all his gracious blessings prove ;
Angels his love can never scan :
O, sinners, *come and see the man !*
- 7 Thus, JESUS, when at Jacob's well,
Did to the woman all things tell ;
Chang'd by his grace, at once she ran,
And others call'd, "*come, see the man !*"
- 8 Gladly she told, to all around,
What a dear Saviour she had found ;
And strait to preach his love began,
" Sure this is Christ, *come, see the man.*"

H Y M N CLXXIII.

The Lord's Table.

- 1 WHEN we surround thy Table, Lord,
To meditate thy dying love ;
Then, in fulfilment of thy Word,
Thy presence with us may we prove.
- 2 There may our minds be all serene ;
And every vain and wand'ring thought

Be

Be banish'd far, nor come between
Christ and the wonders he has wrought.

3 There may our faith and hope be strong,
Love and repentance there abound,
And every grace, in heart and tongue,
In lively exercise be found.

4 There may we lie at his dear feet,
And sing redemption, full and free ;
And each, in faith, these words repeat :
“ He lov'd, and gave himself for me.”

5 So may our whole deportment prove,
That we with Christ have truly been ;
And find his dear, his dying love
Is to us made “ the death of sin.”

6 Upheld by him, may we go on,
And follow him in all his ways ;
Till we surround his heavenly throne,
And give him everlasting praise.

H Y M N CLXXIV.

Faith and Praise. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 *MY God! Jehovah! Father! Friend!*
On my poor heart thy spirit send ;
Help me to touch the tuneful string,
While, trembling, I adore and sing.

2 How glorious thy eternal throne !
How are thy dreadful judgments known !

Earth

- Earth trembles, and reveres thy rod,
Thou glorious, thou eternal God !
- 3 Yet, Lord, let dust and ashes raise
A faint attempt to lisp thy praise,
And join the holy choirs above
In duty, reverence, and love.
- 4 While I before thee prostrate lay,
Yet let me humbly, boldly say,
Tho' awful judgments round me roll,
" Thou art the portion of my soul."
- 5 Altho' the fig-tree shall not bear,
Nor fruit upon the vine appear ;
The labour of the olive fail,
Nor verdant pastures clothe the vale ;
- 6 Tho' bleating flocks shall perish all,
Nor fatten'd herds adorn the stall ;
And tho' this dismal sight and sound
Spread deathful famine all around :
- 7 Yet, in my God, will I rejoice,
With thankful heart, and cheerful voice ;
His praise shall all my powers employ,
And his salvation be my joy.
- 8 Thus, while on earth, my days I'll spend ;
And, when these days of sorrow end,
I shall before thy throne appear,
And love and sing for ever there.

H Y M N CLXXV.

A gracious God.

- 1 M Y soul, arise, in joyful lays,
Renounce this earthly clod,
Tune all thy pow'rs to sweetest praise,
And sing *thy "gracious God."*
- 2 When in my heart his heav'nly love
He sweetly sheds abroad,
How joyfully he makes me prove,
He is *my gracious God !*
- 3 When, borne on faith's advent'rous wing,
I mount to his abode,
Then, while I soar, I sweetly sing,
" He is *my gracious God.*"
- 4 When JESUS to my sinful soul
Applies his precious blood,
To pardon, cleanse, and make me whole,
I sing *my gracious God.*
- 5 In all my trials here below,
I humbly kiss his rod ;
For this, thro' grace, I surely know :
He's still *my gracious God.*
- 6 In all the ways, thro' which I've pass'd,
And all the paths I've trod,
It ever has appear'd, at last,
He's still *my gracious God.*
- 7 When,

- 7 When, in my last, departing hour,
I pass thro' death's cold flood;
Upheld by sov'reign love and pow'r,
I'll sing *my gracious God.*
- 8 But when he shall my spirit bring
To heav'n, my blest'd abode,
There to eternity I'll sing,
"Thou art *my gracious God.*"

H Y M N CLXXVI.

I will not let thee go, except thou blest me.
Gen. xxxii. 26.

- 1 As Jacob did, in days of old,
So will my soul do now;
Wrestle, and on my JESUS hold,
Nor will I let him go.
- 2 Like Jacob, I am weak and faint,
And overwhelm'd with woe;
Lord, hear, and pity my complaint!
For "I'll not let thee go."
- 3 I come, encourag'd by thy Word,
That mercy thou wilt show;
Except thou blest me, dearest Lord,
I will not let thee go.
- 4 I come to ask forgiveness free,
Tho' I have been thy foe;
Except thou grant it, Lord, to me,
I will not let thee go.
- 5 I come

- 5 I come, to open all my wounds,
My sorrows, and my woe ;
Except thy healing grace abounds,
I will not let thee go.
- 6 I come, to tell thee all my fears
And conflicts here below ;
Except thy mercy, Lord, appears,
I will not let thee go.
- 7 I come, thy promises to plead,
Where love and mercy flow ;
Except thou blest thy Word, indeed
I will not let thee go.
- 8 I come, to give thee this vile heart,
Which sin has mangled so ;
Except salvation thou impart,
I will not let thee go.
- 9 I come, to claim thee as my own,
And all things else forego ;
Except thou grant me this sweet boon,
I will not let thee go.
- 10 I come, to ask for all thy love,
And all thou canst bestow ;
Except these blessings, Lord, I prove,
I will not let thee go.
- 11 Thus will I wrestle, while I live
A pilgrim here below,
And, when in glory I arrive,
I will not let thee go.

HYMN CLXXVIII.

Beware lest thou forget the Lord. Deut. vi. 12.

- 1 ATTEND, my soul, the sacred page,
Let all its truths thy pow'rs engage,
And mark this passage on record :
" Beware, lest thou forget the Lord."
- 2 My sinful nature proves, indeed,
That I this caution daily need ;
O, may it in my heart be stor'd :
Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.
- 3 If health, and wealth, and joys abound,
And all my lower hopes are crown'd ;
Then, O my soul, this truth regard :
Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.
- 4 Or if quite diff'rent scenes appear,
And want and poverty are here,
And thou from earthly joys art barr'd,
Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.
- 5 If in thee fierce temptations rage,
Or hosts of hell thy soul engage,
Then be thou mindful of this word :
Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.
- 6 Thro' all thy pilgrimage below,
In paths of comfort, or of woe,
And when thou death's cold stream shalt ford,
Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.

- 7 Look up, my soul, and onward press,
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace ;
 And, come what will, think on this word :
Beware, lest thou forget the Lord.

H Y M N CLXXIX.

Because he delighteth in Mercy. Micah, vii. 18.

- 1 O, who is like the Lord our God,
 Who smiles, and sheds his love abroad,
 And thus our souls to praise excites,
Because in " mercy he delights ? "
- 2 O, who is like the Lord our God,
 Who governs all things with his nod ?
 The meanest saint he never slights,
Because in mercy he delights.
- 3 O, who is like the Lord our God,
 When he takes up the chast'ning rod ?
 For then he smiles, altho' he smites,
Because in mercy he delights.
- 4 O, who is like the Lord our God,
 When sin becomes a heavy load ?
 The weary he to rest invites,
Because in mercy he delights.
- 5 O, who is like the Lord our God ?
 When cruel foes beset our road,
 Then he appears, and for us fights,
Because in mercy he delights.

- 6 O, who is like the Lord our God,
Who gives his saints his gracious Word,
And there his faithful promise writes,
Because in mercy he delights?
- 7 O, who is like the Lord our God,
Who has prepar'd a blest'd abode,
Where grace and glory he unites,
Because in mercy he delights?

H Y M N CLXXX.

And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter.
Luke, xxii. 61.

- 1 DEAR Lord, I see, in Peter's case,
So much, so like my own,
That I, without thy look of grace,
For ever am undone.
- 2 But, O, to Peter thou didst turn,
And on him kindly look ;
Then he before the Lord did mourn,
And then his heart was broke.
- 3 The flowing tears bedew'd his face,
And bitterly he wept ;
Nor less his heart ador'd the grace,
Which him from ruin kept.
- 4 Lord, from the love thou didst display
In setting Peter free,
I am encourag'd now to pray,
" O, turn, and look on me !

- 5 "Thou know'st the state my soul was in,
And dost my vileness see;
Lord, as thou didst to Peter then,
Now turn, and look on me.
- 6 "Like him, how oft has my vile heart
Basely denied thee!
Do, dearest Lord! one look impart,
One look, on sinful me.
- 7 "One look from thee the rock will melt,
One look will make me whole,
One look will pardon all my guilt,
One look will save my soul.
- 8 "Nothing, but one dear look of thine,
Can heal, or set me free;
O, bless me with this beam divine,
And turn, and look on me."
- 9 Then while below, and when above,
This my sweet song shall be:
"Bless, O, my soul, his name, his love,
Who turn'd, and look'd on thee!"

H Y M N CLXXXI.

I will Mention the loving Kindness of the Lord.
Isa. lxiii. 7.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His "loving kindness" is so free.

- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all,
And sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness is so great.
- 3 When I was Satan's easy prey,
And deep in debt and bondage lay,
He paid his life for my discharge,
His loving kindness is so large.
- 4 Thro' mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness is so strong.
- 5 When earthly friends forsake me quite,
And I have neither skill nor might,
He's sure my helper to appear,
His loving kindness is so near.
- 6 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my JESUS to depart;
And tho' I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
- 7 So, when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life, and mortal pow'rs shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death!
- 8 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving kindness, in the skies.

- 9 There with their golden harps I'll join,
And with their anthems mingle mine;
And loudly sound, on ev'ry chord,
The loving kindness of the Lord.

H Y M N CLXXXII.

It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him Good.

1 Sam. iii. 18.

- 1 To God, my gracious God, I fly;
He lives, though earthly comforts die;
Before him may my soul lie still,
And bow submissive to his will.
- 2 "It is the Lord," and he is wise;
Tho' the desire of mine eyes
Is swept away by death's cold flood,
Still "let him do what seems him good."
- 3 It is the Lord, and he is just,
And in him still I'll humbly trust;
May all my will to him be bow'd,
And let him do what seems him good.
- 4 It is the Lord, and he is kind,
And I at last shall surely find,
Mercy has led me all the road;
Then let him do what seems him good.
- 5 It is the Lord, and he is true,
Still to support, and bring me thro';
Firm has his truth for ever stood,
Then let him do what seems him good.

- 6 It is the Lord, and all is well ;
 In all which has to me befel,
 He makes afflictions yield me food ;
 Then let him do what seems him good.
- 7 It is the Lord, and I 'll proclaim
 My humble praises to his name ;
 He is my rest, my safe abode,
 And let him do what seems him good.
- 8 In the eternal world above,
 For ever I 'll adore his love ;
 And sing of all that he has shew'd :
 The Lord has ever done me good.

H Y M N CLXXXIII.

Consider the Ravens. Luke, xii. 24.

- 1 KIND Teacher and Lord !
 Thy wisdom we bless,
 Who dost, in thy Word,
 This precept express :
 (May we from the heavens
 This counsel receive)
 " Consider the ravens,"
 And learn to believe.
- 2 Whatever distress,
 Or want may betide,
 The God of all grace
 Will for us provide ;

Since

Since he, from the heavens,
 Has taught us to say,
 "Consider the ravens,"
 Whenever you pray.

3 They sow not, nor reap,
 Nor gather in store,
 Have nothing to keep,
 Yet never are poor :
 If God, in the heavens,
 Made nothing in vain,
 Consider the ravens,
 And never complain.

4 Your every need
 He 'll surely supply,
 And all his faints feed
 With bread from the sky :
 On him, in the heavens,
 Continue to call ;
 Consider the ravens,
 And trust him for all.

5 Your wants may be great,
 And friends may be few ;
 Yet on him still wait
 Whatever you do :
 For he, in the heavens,
 Well knows what you need ;
 Consider, the ravens
 His children shall feed.

- 6 Look up to his throne,
Nor ever despair,
But thankfully own
His fatherly care :
Your God, in the heavens,
For ever adore ;
Consider the ravens,
And doubt him no more.
- 7 O, doubt not his care,
His truth, or his love,
Which kindly you share,
And constantly prove :
When you against heaven
To murmur begin,
Consider the ravens,
And blush for your sin.
- 8 Still, Lord, while below
A pilgrim I stay,
Thy bounty bestow,
Thy kindness display :
To thee, in the heavens,
I'll lift up my voice,
Consider the ravens,
And always rejoice.

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

I wait for the Lord, my Soul doth wait, and in his
Word do I hope. Psalm, cxxx. 5.

- 1 HERE, at thy throne of sovereign grace,
I bow before thee, Lord ;
And wait, to see thy smiling face,
“ *Still hoping in thy Word.*”
- 2 One glimpse of thee, thou God of Love,
Will peace and joy afford ;
And here I wait, that glimpse to prove,
Still hoping in thy Word.
- 3 Out of the depths of sin and grief
I cry, to be restor'd ;
And wait till thou shalt send relief,
Still hoping in thy Word.
- 4 Forgiveness, Lord, is still with thee,
That thou may'st be ador'd ;
And here I wait, for pardon free,
Still hoping in thy Word.
- 5 I wait for thee, my soul doth wait,
Thy love I'll here record ;
Thy praise in songs I'll celebrate,
Still hoping in thy Word.
- 6 On thee, my God, “ the first and last,”
My shield, and my reward,
I'll wait, till life and time are past ;
Still hoping in thy Word.

H Y M N CLXXXV.

He that is joined unto the Lord, is one Spirit.

1 Cor. vi. 17.

C O M E, happy souls, unite, to praise,
Who know, and love the Word ;
For he who's join'd to J E S U S, is
" One spirit with the Lord."

2 O, what a spring of sacred joy,
Doth this sweet truth afford !
Well may his praise be their employ,
Who're joined to the Lord.

3 The ground, how firm ! the bands, how strong !
How glorious the reward !
Be this each saint's delightful song:
" I'm joined to the Lord."

4 Your souls the sacred union feel,
Your lives the same express ;
Go on, rejoicing in him still,
You're join'd to him, by grace.

5 In all his ways still persevere,
Let nought your steps retard ;
Let this subdue each foe and fear :
I'm joined to the Lord.

6 But, O, what wonder, praise, and love,
Will heav'n at last afford !
Where saints for evermore shall prove,
They're joined to the Lord.

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus :
 Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a Bullock unaccustomed to the Yoke : turn thou me, and I shall be turned ; for thou art the Lord my God.
 Jer. xxxi. 18.

- 1 H E R E, dearest Lord, as in a glass,
 I see my own, in Ephraim's case ;
 And here, like him, would sinful I
 Now raise a penitential cry.
- 2 My sin and vileness, Lord, I own,
 And here, to thee, myself bemoan ;
 Thou hast chastis'd me with thy stroke,
 But I have spurn'd, and scorn'd thy yoke.
- 3 Like a wild bullock, have I been
 Under thy chastisement, for sin ;
 Fretful, and obstinate, and proud,
 How little has my heart been bow'd !
- 4 Yet, let me, Lord, thy mercy see ;
 " Turn me, and I shall turned be ;"
 Thus sanctify to me thy rod,
 For thou art still, the Lord, my God.
- 5 Then shall it to my soul be clear'd,
 That thou my pray'r hast surely heard ;
 And I shall all thy love proclaim,
 And triumph in thy glorious name.

H Y M N CLXXXVII.

Rejoicing.

1 G O D of all our consolation,
Let us now in thee rejoice ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Then we'll sing with heart and voice :
Let us now, from J E S U S' fulness,
Life, and strength, and joy receive ;
Save us, Lord, from all our dulness,
While rejoicing we believe.

2 Comfort in our tribulation
Thou wilt grant us from on high ;
Lord, increase our obligation,
While we live, and when we die ;
That, to comfort those in trouble,
We our comforts may impart :
Thus, dear Lord, bestow it double,
Sweetly so, from heart to heart.

3 Grant unto us, Lord, thy blessing,
By thy Word, and by thy rod ;
Let our comforts be increasing
From thyself, our gracious God !
Let us, Lord, in sweet thanksgiving,
Onward urge our heavenly way,
On thy loving kindness living
Joyfully, from day to day.

4 When

- 4 When from hence thou, Lord, shalt call us,
When we must bow down, and die,
Let no evil then befall us,
Let thy comforts still be nigh :
When our conflicts all are over,
And in glory we appear,
We'll enjoy and sing, for ever,
All thy love and comforts there.

H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

The People that do know their God shall be strong, and
do Exploits. Dan. xi. 32.

- 1 O T H O U, my everlasting All,
On whom alone for help I call ;
Be thou the glory of my song,
“ And may I know thee, and be strong.”
- 2 Hear me, my Father, and my God,
And in me shed thy love abroad ;
Mercy and love to thee belong,
O, may I know thee, and be strong.
- 3 O, make me strong in Christ, my Lord,
And strong in faith, and in thy Word ;
O, make me strong in ev'ry grace,
And strong, to run th' appointed race.
- 4 Thus perfect in me, dearest Lord,
Thy strength, according to thy Word ;
- And

And let this be my daily song :

“ When I am weak, then am I strong.”

- 5 Thus may my soul still persevere,
And find thy strength and presence near ;
Then ev'ry foe and fear shall flee,
And I shall “ do exploits,” by thee.
- 6 Praise to that God be ever paid,
Who strength in weakness perfect made ;
Thus may I sing, while here below,
Thus may I sing, in glory too.

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~~HYMN CLXXXIX.~~

~~cons on~~ *the beggar's prayer*
~~c. m.~~ *My own Case.*

- ✓ 1 A BEGGAR poor,
At mercy's door,
Lies such a wretch as I :
Thou know'st my need
Is great indeed,
Lord, hear me, when I cry !
- 2 With guilt beset,
And deep in debt,
For pardon, I ord, I pray ;
O, let thy love
Sufficient prove,
To take my sins away.
- 3 A wicked heart
Is no small part

Of my distress and shame ;
 Let sov'reign grace
 Its crimes efface,
 Thro' JESUS^s blessed name.

4 My darken'd mind,
 I daily find,
 Is prone to go astray ;
 Lord, on it shine,
 With light divine,
 And guide it in thy way.

5 My stubborn will
 Opposes still
 Thy wise and holy hand ;
 Thy spirit send,
 To make it bend
 To thy supreme command.

6 Affections wild,
 By sin defil'd,
 Oft hurry me away ;
 Lord, bring them home,
 Nor let them roam
 From Christ, the living way.

7 A conscience hard
 Does oft retard
 My walk in holy peace ;
 Let it by thee
 Made tender be,
 And all its hardness cease.

8 My mem'ry bad,
 But, what is sad,
 Can folly still retain ;
 O, fill it, Lord,
 With thy sweet Word,
 And let it there remain.

9 Before thy face
 I've told my case ;
 Lord, help and mercy send :
 Pity my soul,
 And make me whole,
 And love me to the end. *NR.*

H Y M N CXC.

Christ in you the hope of Glory. Col. i. 27.

1 Now let my soul to JESUS raise
 A song of grateful, humble praise ;
 To him with joy will I look up,
 For he's " the glory of my hope."

2 In all my trials, wants, and fears,
 He kindly for me still appears ;
 He is my never failing prop,
 And all the glory of my hope.

3 What tho' he's pleased still to lay
 Afflictions on me, day by day ;
 I'll drink the sweet, tho' bitter cup,
 Since he's the glory of my hope.

4 Tho'

- 4 Tho' weak and helpless still I am,
My strength and refuge are "the Lamb;"
He holds me still, nor shall I drop,
Since he's the glory of my hope.
- 5 His name I'll bless for all that's past;
He'll bring me safe to heav'n at last;
There shall I sing, and never stop,
To him, the glory of my hope.
- 6 Join ye, dear saints, who know 'tis true,
That "you're in Christ, and Christ in you;"
Here give your sacred passions scope,
And Jesus sing, your glorious hope.

HYMN CXCI.

Complaint of a hard Heart. Ezekiel, xi. 19.

- 1 LORD, hear a burden'd sinner mourn,
Who gladly would to thee return;
Thy tender mercies, O, impart,
"And take away this stony heart."
- 2 'Tis this hard heart, which sinks me down,
Nor asks thy smile, nor fears thy frown;
This causes all my woe and smart,
Lord, take away this stony heart.
- 3 'Tis this hard heart, my gracious Lord,
Which scorns thy love, and slights thy Word;
Which tempts me from thee to depart;
Lord, take away this stony heart.

4 'Tis

- 4 'Tis this hard heart, whose bold reply,
Gives all thy sacred truth the lie,
And would thy promises pervert ;
Lord, take away this stony heart.
- 5 'Tis this hard heart I feel within,
Which flights thy grace, and cleaves to sin ;
Sure 'tis of hell the counterpart ;
Lord, take away this stony heart.
- 6 'Tis this hard heart, which dares withstand
All the dread judgments of thy hand,
Which daily acts the rebel's part ;
Lord, take away this stony heart.
- 7 'Tis this hard heart, which, day by day,
Would shut my mouth, nor let me pray ;
Yea would from ev'ry duty start :
Lord, take away this stony heart.
- 8 'Tis this hard heart, whose cursed snare
Tempts me to pride, or to despair ;
O, in me, Lord, thy pow'r exert,
And take away this stony heart.
- 9 'Tis this hard heart I cannot bear ;
Lord, hear and answer this my pray'r :
Its rage, its pow'r, its madness, slay ;
Lord, take this stony heart away.
- 10 Sure the blest'd day will shortly come,
When this hard heart shall know its doom ;
When I no more shall sin retain,
Nor of a stony heart complain.

- 11 Yes, friendly death, with welcome stroke,
Will loose the chain, will break the yoke;
And, when arriv'd on glory's shore,
A stony heart be felt no more.

✓ H Y M N CXCII.

HIM. Acts, v. 31.

- 1 J O I N, all who love the Saviour's name,
To sing his everlasting fame;
Great God! prepare each heart and voice,
In "Him" for ever to rejoice.
- 2 Of Him what wond'rous things are told!
In Him what glories I behold!
For Him I gladly all things leave;
To Him, my soul, for ever cleave.
- 3 In Him my treasure's all contain'd;
By Him my feeble soul's sustain'd;
From Him what favours I receive!
Thro' Him I shall for ever live.
- 4 With Him I daily love to walk;
Of Him my soul delights to talk;
On Him I cast my ev'ry care;
Like Him one day shall I appear.
- 5 Bless Him, my soul, from day to day;
Trust Him, to lead thee on thy way;
Give Him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With Him O, never, never part.

- 6 Take Him for strength and righteousness ;
Make Him thy refuge in distress ;
Love Him above all earthly joy,
And Him in every thing employ.
- 7 Praise Him in cheerful, grateful songs ;
To Him your highest praise belongs :
'Tis He, who glory does prepare,
And Him you'll sing for ever there.

H Y M N CXCI.

The Breaker is come up before them. Micah, ii. 13.

- 1 SING the dear Saviour's glorious fame,
Who bears " the Breaker's " wond'rous name ;
Sweet name ! and it becomes him well,
Who breaks down sin, guilt, death, and hell.
- 2 A mighty Breaker sure is he ;
He broke my chains, and fet me free ;
A gracious Breaker to my soul ;
He breaks, and O, he makes me whole !
- 3 He breaks thro' ev'ry gloomy cloud,
Which can my soul with darkness shroud ;
He breaks the ev'ry crafty snare,
Which hellish foes for me prepare ;
- 4 He breaks the gates of harden'd brass,
To bring his faithful Word to pass ;
And, tho' with pond'rous iron barr'd,
The Breaker's love they can't retard.

- 5 Great Breaker! O, thy love impart
Daily, to break my stony heart;
O, break it, Lord, and enter in,
And break, O, break the power of sin!
- 6 Break out, and shine upon my soul,
One look from thee will make me whole;
Break thro' my foes, to my relief,
And break, O, break my unbelief!
- 7 Break down my self-sufficient pride,
And let me, at thy feet, abide;
And there adore thee, mighty Lord!
Who never, never break'st, thy Word.
- 8 By thee, I'll break thro' ev'ry foe,
And joyful on my way I'll go;
By thee, I'll break death's cold embrace,
And mount to heav'n, and see thy face.
- 9 There has my King pass'd on before;
And there for ever I'll adore;
And to eternity I'll raise
My songs to this great Breaker's praise.

✓ H Y M N CXCIV.

Which were born, not of Blood, nor of the Will of the
Flesh, nor of the Will of Man, but of God. John, i. 13.

- 1 A S S I S T my soul, my heav'nly King!
Thine everlasting love to sing;
And joyful spread thy praise abroad,
As one, thro' grace, that's "born of God."

2 No,

- 2 No, it was not the will of man
My soul's new heav'nly birth began ;
Nor will, nor pow'r of flesh or blood,
That turn'd my heart from sin to God.
- 3 Herein let self be all abas'd,
And sov'reign love alone confess'd ;
This be my song, thro' all the road :
That " born I am, and born of God."
- 4 O, may this love my soul constrain,
To make returns of love again ;
That I, while earth is my abode,
May live like one that's born of God.
- 5 May I thy praises daily shew,
Who hath created all things new,
And wash'd me in a Saviour's blood,
To prove that I am born of God.
- 6 Lead me, O Lord, in all thy ways ;
Guard me, O Lord, thro' all my days ;
O, make thy Word my rule and rod,
To walk like one that's born of God.
- 7 And when th' appointed hour shall come,
That thou wilt call me to my home,
Joyful I'll pass the chilling flood,
And die as one that's born of God.
- 8 Then shall my soul triumphant rise
To its blest'd mansion in the skies,
And in that glorious, bright abode
Sing then, as one that's born of God.

HYMN CXCV.

The Forerunner. Heb. vi. 20.

- 1 FAR, far beyond these lower skies,
Up to the glories all his own,
Where we, by faith, lift up our eyes,
There JESUS, our "Forerunner's" gone.
- 2 Amidst the shining hosts above,
Where his bless'd smile new pleasure gives,
Where all is wonder, joy, and love,
There JESUS, our Forerunner, lives.
- 3 High on his throne of heavenly light
Eternal glories he sustains,
While saints and angels bless the sight;
There JESUS, our Forerunner, reigns.
- 4 There, while his course he ever runs,
Glory his radiant crown entwines;
And brighter than ten thousand suns
There JESUS, our Forerunner, shines.
- 5 He lives, salvation to impart
From sin, and Satan's cursed wiles,
With love eternal in his heart,
There JESUS, our Forerunner, smiles.
- 6 Before his heavenly Father's face
For every faint he intercedes,
And, with infallible success,
There JESUS, our Forerunner, pleads.

M 7 But,

- 7 But, O, 'tis this completes the whole,
And all its bliss and glory proves :
That, while eternal ages roll,
There Jesus, our Forerunner, loves.
- 8 We shall, when we in heaven appear,
His praises sing, his wonders tell ;
And, with our great Forerunner, there
For ever, yes, for ever dwell.

H Y M N CXCVI.

TO JESUS CHRIST.

- 1 O, ETERNAL, blessed Spirit !
Now prepare our souls to sing ;
Ye, who know the Saviour's merit,
Now to him your praises bring :
Gladly sing Emanuel's glory,
Loudly sound his name on high ;
Sing, with all his love before ye,
Till your songs ascend the sky.
- 2 As Jehovah, now adore him,
God the Saviour and the Son ;
None in heaven is before him,
There our triune God is one :
All the hosts above are singing
Equal honours to his name ;
Them we join, in gladly bringing
Our hosannas to his fame.
- 3 From his bright celestial mansion
Down to earth he took his way ;

Mortals, sing his condescension,
 How he cloth'd himself in clay :
 Now with faith and love confess him,
 Who display'd salvation thus ;
 And in songs for ever bless him
 As " Emanuel, God with us."

4 Yes, with holy joy and wonder,
 We his glorious deeds rehearse,
 Who, by dying, still'd the thunder
 Of the law's tremendous curse :
 He who once on earth was bleeding,
 Fast'ned to th' accursed tree,
 Lives in heaven, interceding
 For such worms as you and me.

5 Glory, honour, praise, and pow'r
 To the Lamb be ever paid ;
 Let new blessings every hour
 Rest on his adored head !
 Thus, on earth, we list the story
 Of his vast, immortal love,
 Till we tune our harps in glory,
 And his praises sing, above.

✓ H Y M N CXCVII.

The Lord will appear. Lev. ix. 4.

1 M Y soul, Lord, inflame
 With zeal from above,
 Thy praise to proclaim,
 And sing of thy love ;

M 2

To

To lift up my voice in
Thanksgiving sincere,
This truth to rejoice in :
“ The Lord will appear.”

2 How joyful this sound,
While daily I find,
Afflictions abound
In body and mind !
It oft has afforded
Relief from my fear,
To find it recorded,
The Lord will appear.

3 I have, as I seem,
When left in the dark,
Of light not a beam,
Of love not a spark ;
And, tho' thus in pain for
An evidence clear,
I sha' n't wait in vain, for
The Lord will appear.

4 A warfare I find
Without and within,
With legions combin'd,
World, Satan, and sin :
Tho' fore they annoy me,
I'll be of good cheer ;
They shall not destroy me,
The Lord will appear.

- 5 Oft Satan suggests
 " He's sure I'm deceiv'd,"
And that I in Christ
 Have never believ'd ;
Then throws darts of fire,
 To make me despair ;
But, O, he's a liar !
 The Lord will appear.
- 6 That creatures are vain
 However belov'd,
This truth, to my pain,
 I've oftentimes prov'd ;
For tho' they oft leave me
 When dangers are near,
This word don't deceive me :
 The Lord will appear.
- 7 Tho' helpless, and poor,
 And far from relief ;
Tho' wounded and sore,
 And filled with grief ;
In all tribulation
 Myself I refer
To this declaration :
 The Lord will appear.
- 8 My fears sometimes say,
 I never shall find,
In death's awful day,
 True peace in my mind ;

But, tho' thus furrounded,
Yet, when I come there,
I sha' n't be confounded,
The Lord will appear.

- 9 My dust he will raise,
And glory he 'll give,
And I, to his praise,
In heaven shall live ;
There he will deliver
My soul from all fear,
And to me, for ever,
The Lord will appear.

H Y M N CXCVIII.

I give myself unto Prayer. Psalm, cix. 4.

- 1 J E S U S, my pattern and my guide,
Let me at thy dear feet abide,
And on thee cast my every care,
And daily " give myself to prayer."
- 2 While I 'm a sojourner below,
Where, dearest Lord, where can I go
But to thy throne? and worship there,
And daily give myself to prayer.
- 3 Yes, at thy footstool, Lord, I 'll wait,
And tell thee all my mournful state ;
My sins, and wants, and fears declare,
And daily give myself to prayer.

- 4 Tho' Satan rages at my soul,
And thund'ring tempests o'er me roll,
To seek thee, Lord, I can't forbear,
But still I give myself to prayer.
- 5 Still, in the strength of sovereign grace
I'll wait, and seek my Saviour's face ;
Soon I a glorious crown shall share,
Till then, I'll give myself to prayer.

H Y M N CXCIX.

I saw in the Way a Light from Heaven, above the Bright-
ness of the Sun. Acts, xxvi. 13.

- 1 As Saul, the persecutor, rag'd,
And madly to Damascus run,
A light from heaven his wrath assuag'd,
" Above the brightness of the sun."
- 2 O'erwhelm'd, astonish'd, and renew'd,
" Saviour !" he cry'd, " thy will be done ;"
Thus in this light was mercy shew'd,
Above the brightness of the sun.
- 3 Thus the Redeemer still displays
His glories to each saved one,
Conquers his foes by shining grace,
Above the brightness of the sun.
- 4 There he his glorious name reveals,
And owns the conquests he has won ;
A light the soul then sees and feels,
Above the brightness of the sun.

- 5 To comfort, sanctify, and bless,
To perfect what he has begun,
- JESUS increasing light displays,
Above the brightness of the sun.
- 6 When they resign their mortal breath,
And their terrestrial race is run,
A light shall shine from heav'n, in death,
Above the brightness of the sun.
- 7 And when they've reach'd the heavenly goal,
And all their work below is done,
The sight of heaven shall fill each soul,
Above the brightness of the sun.

H Y M N CC.

At thy Right Hand there are Pleasures for evermore.
Psaln xvi. 11.

- 1 FOR ever be thy name ador'd,
Thou God of Love and Power!
Who hast for all thy saints prepar'd
"Pleasures for evermore."
- 2 While here within thy courts we stand,
And celebrate thy praise,
Kindly send down, from thy right hand,
The pleasures of thy grace.
- 3 While passing thro' this desert land,
O may we sweetly prove,
That thou 'lt send down, from thy right hand,
The pleasures of thy love.

4 O make

- 4 O make us wise, to understand
 Thy holy will, O Lord !
 And on us send, from thy right hand,
 The pleasures of thy Word.
- 5 Thy loving kindness, Lord, command,
 Nor let our praises cease ;
 But O send down, from thy right hand,
 The pleasures of thy peace.
- 6 Well may thy love our praise demand,
 And call us to adore,
 Till we enjoy, at thy right hand,
 Pleasures for evermore.
- 7 May we, at last, before thee stand
 On the celestial shore,
 And there enjoy, at thy right hand,
 Pleasures for evermore.

H Y M N C C I.

Goliath's Sword spiritualized. 1 Sam. xxi. 9.

- 1 GREAT God ! I bless thee for thy Word,
 The spirit's sharp and powerful " sword ;"
 Its vast importance now I see,
 And humbly pray, " Lord, give it me !"
- 2 My inbred lusts and sins to slay,
 Or drive those potent foes away,
 Or make vile unbelief to flee,
 There's none like that : Lord, give it me !

- 3 My soul and body to defend,
And guard me to my journey's end,
Honour and ornament to be,
There's none like that : Lord, give it me !
- 4 To combat all the powers of hell,
And all the rage and malice quell,
To make the prince of darkness flee,
There's none like that : Lord, give it me !
- 5 My feeble, helpless soul to save,
And make me triumph o'er the grave,
From every fear to set me free,
There's none like that : Lord, give it me !
- 6 To bring me safe to heaven above,
Rejoicing in eternal love,
For ever there thy face to see,
There's none like that : Lord, give it me !
- 7 Thus David ask'd Goliath's sword,
And thus, like him, I ask thy Word ;
Girt to my heart, O may it be ;
There's none like that : Lord, give it me !

H Y M N C C N .

When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as Gold.
Job, xxiii. 10.

- 1 **W**I T H joy let each afflicted faint
This cheering truth behold :
That, when he's try'd, he shall not faint,
But " shall come forth as gold."

- 2 This privilege, dear Lord, I claim;
Nor am I here too bold,
That from the trying, fiery flame
I may come forth as gold.
- 3 What tho' the furnace burns on high,
Still to this truth I'll hold:
'Tis but design'd my soul to try,
I shall come forth as gold.
- 4 Herein his wisdom and his love
Will God to me unfold,
And, from the furnace, I shall prove,
He'll bring me forth as gold.
- 5 He'll kindly thus consume my dross,
So in his Word I'm told;
Nor can I suffer real loss,
But shall come forth as gold.
- 6 Thus he'll conform me to his Word,
And cast me in that mould;
And, thro' the goodness of my Lord,
I shall come forth as gold.
- 7 Thus will I sing his praises here,
Whose mercies are of old;
And, when in glory I appear,
I shall come forth as gold.

H Y M N C C I I I.

✓ I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End:
I will give unto him that is athirst, of the Fountain of
the Water of Life, freely. Rev. xxi. 6.

1 O W H A T amazing words of grace
Are in the Gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Here J E S U S calls, and he's a true,
A kind, a faithful friend;
He's "Alpha and Omega too,
Beginning and the end."

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, eternal love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

4 "Whoever thirsts," O, gracious word!
"Shall of this stream partake;"
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink, for J E S U S' sake.

5 This spring with living waters flows,
And living joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

6 To sinners poor, like me and you,
He saith, he'll "freely give;"
Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true;
Drink, and for ever live.

•

HYMN CCIV.

Shall we not much rather be in Subjection to the Father
of Spirits, and live?

- 1 ON God, as our all
Below and above,
Here humbly we call,
And sing of his love ;
'Tis he who inherits
All glories divine,
The Father of spirits,
Of angels, and men.
- 2 Lord, point out the way,
In which we should go ;
Thy kindness display,
'Thy blessing bestow ;
Thy gracious direction
To each of us give,
That we in subjection
Unto thee may live.
- 3 If thou shalt see good
Upon us to lay
Thy fatherly rod,
By night, or by day,
This needful correction
O may we receive,
That we in subjection
Unto thee may live.

- 4 If from us thou hide
Thy face for awhile,
We'll in thee confide,
And cleave to thee still;
Nor shall this affliction
Our souls e'er deceive,
While still in subjection
Unto thee we live.
- 5 Tho' working within
Still, daily, we find
Corruption and sin,
Of body and mind,
This loathsome infection
At death shall remove,
And we in subjection
Unto thee shall live.
- 6 In life, and in death
Thy presence impart,
To strengthen our faith,
And comfort each heart;
And when to perfection
At last we arrive,
To thee in subjection
We ever shall live.

HYMN CCV.

For if we believe that JESUS died, and rose again, even so
 them also which Sleep in JESUS will God bring with
 him. 1 Thess. iv. 14.

- 1 No, let us never mourn for those,
 " Who sleep in JESU'S" arms ;
 There they are freed from sins and woes,
 And all life's fears and storms.
- 2 Sweet, happy, blessed sleep indeed !
 How safe and how secure !
 From all their suff'rings they are freed,
 And freed for evermore.
- 3 Do we believe that JESUS dy'd,
 And rose to life again ?
 Then let our murm'ring thoughts subside,
 Nor let us once complain.
- 4 They've reach'd their bright and blest'd abode,
 And sing for ever there ;
 And, in the presence of their God,
 Triumphant they appear.
- 5 What tho' their bodies, now entomb'd,
 Are mould'ring into dust,
 A dying JESUS has perfum'd
 The graves of all the just.
- 6 Ere long the tomb shall yield its prey,
 When each believer here
 With JESUS, on that joyful day,
 All glorious shall appear.

7 Then,

- 7 Then, with his saints, O may we stand
Before his face, with joy ;
And, when in heaven, at his right hand,
His praise be our employ.

H Y M N CCVI.

Precious Faith. 2 Pet. i. 1.

- 1 J E S U S, my hope, while here below,
My all, in life and death,
Thou only canst on me bestow
The gift of "*precious faith*."
- 2 All that I need thou hast to give,
For so thy promise faith ;
Then grant me, Lord, on thee to live
A life of precious faith.
- 3 Tho' fears and snares, by day and night,
Still wait around my path ;
Lord, give me skill and strength, to fight
The fight of precious faith.
- 4 In all the storms I meet with here,
From men and devils' wrath ;
Still help me, Lord, to persevere,
And walk by precious faith.
- 5 Help me to know and love thy Word,
And live upon thy truth ;
And let each precious promise, Lord,
Be mine by precious faith.

- 6 Nor shall I be by thee forgot,
When I yield up my breath ;
Then shall it be my happy lot,
To die in precious faith.
- 7 And when in glory I appear
Triumphant over death ;
Then shall I, Lord, for ever, there,
Bless thee for precious faith.

H Y M N CCVII.

In me ye shall have Peace.

- 1 YE saints, attend the Saviour's voice,
Spoke in his Word of grace ;
He says, and in it O rejoice !
" In me ye shall have peace."
- 2 Tho' storms and tempests round you roar,
And foes and fears increase ;
He says, and what could he say more ?
In me ye shall have peace.
- 3 What tho' afflictions still abound,
Nor do temptations cease ;
He says, and O, how sweet the sound !
In me ye shall have peace.
- 4 What tho' your hearts with sorrow bleed,
And sighs and tears increase ;
He says, and O, 'tis true indeed !
In me ye shall have peace.

5 What

- 5 What tho' corruptions dwell within,
Nor does the conflict cease ;
He says, in spite of hell and sin,
In me ye shall have peace.
- 6 Tho' you shall pass thro' death's cold flood,
To gain your wish'd release ;
He says, and sure he'll make it good,
In me ye shall have peace.
- 7 When you his face in glory view,
Where joy can ne'er decrease ;
Eternity shall prove it true,
In him ye shall have peace.

✓
H Y M N CCVIII.

"Tis all for the best.

- 1 M Y soul, now arise,
My passions, take wing,
Look up to the skies,
And cheerfully sing ;
Let God be the object
In praises address'd,
And this be my subject :
" 'Tis all for the best."
- 2 Search all the world thro',
Examine and see,
And what canst thou view
More suited to thee,

Than

Than this declaration
 In scripture express'd,
 That God, thy salvation,
 Does all for the best?

- 3 Tho' here, day by day,
 His love shall see good,
 Upon thee to lay
 His fatherly rod;
 Yet be not dejected,
 However oppress'd;
 Tho' sorely afflicted,
 'Tis all for the best.
- 4 On creatures below
 I'll not set my heart,
 For surely I know
 We shortly must part;
 For tho', when God gives them,
 His name's to be blest'd,
 Yet, when he removes them,
 'Tis all for the best.
- 5 The beams of his grace
 Are passing all worth;
 The smiles of his face
 Are heaven on earth;
 When to me he shews them,
 What joy fills my breast!
 And, when he withdraws them,
 'Tis all for the best.

6 When

- 6 When conflicts begin
 From various parts,
And Satan throws in
 His fiery darts,
And tho' often forely
 My soul he'll molest,
Yet this I know surely,
 'Tis all for the best.
- 7 And thus thro' the whole
 I meet with while here,
I'll comfort my soul,
 And silence my fear ;
In hoping and praying
 Ere long to be blest,
In thinking, and saying,
 “ 'Tis all for the best.”
- 8 But O, the blest day !
 And soon 'twill arise,
When, freed from my clay,
 I'll mount to the skies ;
Then shall I recover
 My heavenly rest,
And there sing, for ever,
 “ 'Tis all for the best.”

H Y M N CCIX.

I, even I am he that comforteth you. Isa. li. 12.

- 1 I N God let all his saints rejoice,
With thankful heart, and cheerful voice ;

Thus

Thus faith his Word, so kind, so true !
“ *I, even I, will comfort you.*”

- 2 Sweet words ! O let us bless his name,
And joyful all his praise proclaim ;
These words shall foes and fears subdue :
I, even I, will comfort you.
- 3 Are you in darkness and distress ?
Does Satan roar, and break your peace ?
Fear not, but still this truth review :
I, even I, will comfort you.
- 4 Do sore afflictions on you lay,
And pungent sorrows, day by day ?
Look to this word, 'twill bear you thro' :
I, even I, will comfort you.
- 5 If death in gloomy form appear,
And overwhelm your souls with fear,
Let this sweet word your faith renew :
I, even I, will comfort you.
- 6 Thus, while you sojourn here below
As pilgrims, in this world of woe,
Make this your song the journey thro' :
I, even I, will comfort you.
- 7 And when each happy soul attains
That blissful state, where glory reigns,
This song shall all his power employ :
“ God is my comfort and my joy.”

H Y M N CCX.

Fellowship with God. 1 Cor. i. 9.

- 1 FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul ! and strive to gain
Sweet "*fellowship with God.*"
- 2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
In all the paths thou'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God ?
- 3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.
- 4 Not health, nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delight or comfort show,
As fellowship with God.
- 5 When I am made, in love, to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind, the strokes appear,
Thro' fellowship with God !
- 6 In fierce temptation's fiery blasts,
Or dark desertion's road,
I'm happy, if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

- 7 So, when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.
- 8 When I, at last, to heaven ascend,
And gain my blest'd abode,
There an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

H Y M N CCXI.

Blessed be his glorious Name for ever. Psalm lxxii. 19.

- 1 D E A R J E S U S, to thee
We lift up our voice ;
O now set us free,
In thee to rejoice :
Here let each believer
Thy praises proclaim,
In blessing for ever
Thy glorious name.
- 2 'Tis J E S U S, who lives,
All grace to impart ;
'Tis J E S U S, who gives
New life to the heart ;
'Tis J E S U S delivers,
Restores, and redeems ;
And blest'd be for ever
His glorious name.

3 'Tis

- 3 'Tis JESUS, who seeks
The perishing soul ;
'Tis JESUS, who speaks,
And straight 'tis made whole ;
'Tis JESUS recovers
The wither'd and lame ;
And blest'd be for ever
His glorious name.
- 4 'Tis JESUS, who guides
His saints by the way ;
'Tis JESUS provides
Supplies for the day ;
'Tis JESUS moreover
Supports their whole frame ;
And blest'd be for ever
His glorious name.
- 5 'Tis JESUS defends
The whole of his flock ;
'Tis JESUS, who stands
More firm than a rock ;
'Tis JESUS fails never,
He's always the same ;
And blest'd be for ever
His glorious name.
- 6 'Tis JESUS, who reigns
In glory above ;
'Tis JESUS remains
Unchang'd in his love ;

'Tis

'Tis JESUS the Saviour
 We joyful proclaim,
 And blest'd be for ever
 His glorious name.

- 7 Thus while we are here,
 And long for the sky,
 And when we appear
 With JESUS on high,
 We'll sing of his favour
 With heavenly flame,
 And there blest for ever
 His glorious name.

✓ H Y M N CCXII.

Who can tell? Jonah, iii. 9.

- 1 Low in the dust before thy throne,
 Great God! my misery I own;
 Tho' by my sins deserving hell,
 I'll not despair, for "who can tell?"
- 2 By nature, and by practice too,
 My sin and wretchedness I view;
 From all my glory I have fell,
 Yet still I'll hope, for who can tell?
- 3 My time is short, my wants are great,
 Yet on thee, Lord, I'll humbly wait;
 Thy love must every thought excel,
 How sweet the theme! but who can tell?

- 4 I blefs his name, he grants me space,
To mourn for fin, to beg for grace ;
Dear Lord, my guilty fears difpel,
On thee I wait, and, who can tell ?
- 5 Thy grace is rich, and large, and free,
Reveal'd to finners fuch as me ;
If Chrift be mine, all will be well,
For ever fo, and, who can tell ?
- 6 How great the work by JESUS wrought !
How fweet the truths by JESUS taught !
He furely has done all things well,
But, O his glories who can tell ?
- 7 Curft unbelief will often rage,
And Satan's wrath my foul engage ;
Fain would they drag me down to hell,
But Chrift is Lord, and, who can tell ?
- 8 I blefs his name, that time will come,
When all his faints he'll gather home ;
With him and them I there fhall dwell,
But what is heaven ? Lord, who can tell ?

H Y M N CCXIII.

The Sower. Matt. xiii. 3.

- 1 JESUS, thou Teacher all divine !
In thee the brighteft glories fhine ;
Thy name for ever be ador'd,
For all the bleffings of thy Word.

- 2 How condescending, and how kind,
To teach the ignorant and blind
Truths so important, and so dear,
In language easy, plain, and clear !
- 3 Thy ministers the sowers are,
Thy Word the seed, and souls their care ;
How great the work ! how vast the charge !
But thy supports are free and large .
- 4 Well may they tremble, when they see
What numbers way-side hearers be !
They hear the Word from day to day,
But Satan takes the seed away.
- 5 How many here on stony ground,
Where living fruit is never found !
Their hearts were never broke for sin,
Nor did the Word take root within.
- 6 Others there are, who hear, indeed,
But thorns and briars choke the seed ;
Riches, and pleasures, cares, and fears
Destroy it all, no fruit appears.
- 7 A happy few the Word receive,
Its doctrines love, its truths believe ;
Seal'd to their souls by power divine,
In all the fruits of grace they shine.
- 8 Dear Lord, in this important hour
Set home thy Word, with mighty power ;
Make way-side hearers turn to thee,
And stony hearts their danger see.

- 9 Tear from the worldling's heart the thorns,
Before his soul in Tophet burns ;
And let thy saints, who love thy Word,
Bear fruit, and praise their glorious Lord.

H Y M N CCXIV.

Religion.

- 1 THEE will we praise, Eternal King,
Thou God of gods supreme !
And, while with holy awe we sing,
Religion be our theme.
- 2 Religion, soul-reviving sound !
Makes drooping hearts rejoice ;
Where shall the happy man be found,
Who makes it all his choice ?
- 3 Religion ! who the blessing finds ?
How little is it known !
The glory of immortal minds,
Yet thousands it disown:
- 4 Religion ! O, how oft abus'd
By ignorance and pride !
Its sweet inviting voice refus'd
And trampled on beside.
- 5 Religion ! O, the heavenly power,
When in the heart it reigns !
The living and the dying hour
It comforts and sustains.
- 6 Religion,

- 6 Religion ! 'tis the greatest good,
When pure and undefil'd ;
By it poor sinners are to God
Subdu'd and reconcil'd.
- 7 Religion smooths life's rugged way,
And makes the bitter sweet ;
And will, in heaven's eternal day,
Be glorious and complete.
- 8 Let worldlings boast their golden store,
And mighty men their powers ;
We ask such empty joys no more,
Be true Religion ours.

HYMN CCXV.

Christ the Plant of Renown. Ezek. xxxiv. 29.

- 1 ALL praise to the Lord,
Whose infinite love,
Reveal'd in his Word,
He gives us to prove ;
While here we address him
In songs to his throne,
For JESUS we bless him,
The " Plant of renown."

- 2 All beauties divine,
Rich glories, and grace
Resplendently shine
And smile in his face ;

Our conquering Saviour
Is worthy the crown,
And reigning for ever,
The Plant of renown.

3 How cooling his shade,
How wholesome his fruit,
Extensive his spread,
And fixed his root !
Beneath him with pleasure
His people sit down,
And boast him their treasure,
Their Plant of renown.

4 Let powers of hell
Their malice employ,
His name to expel,
His saints to anney :
At once they all perish,
If on them he frown ;
But he still shall flourish,
The Plant of renown.

5 Nor angel, nor man,
Below nor above,
Concerted this plan
Of wisdom and love ;
In heaven 'twas sealed,
Jehovah alone
Rais'd up and revealed
This Plant of renown.

- 6 Dear Lord, for each heart
A blessing prepare,
And kindly impart ;
That while thy faints are
Thy beauties exploring,
Thy foes may bow down,
And join in adoring
The Plant of renown.

H Y M N CCXVI.

Make thy Face to shine upon thy Servant.
Psalm xxxi. 16.

- 1 ENCOURAG'D by thy gracious Word,
Behold I cry unto thee, Lord ;
'Twas David's pray'r, and now 'tis mine,
"Upon me make thy face to shine."
- 2 Nor sun, nor moon, nor all the stars
Can e'er dispel my clouds and fears ;
Grant, Lord, a look of love divine,
And on me make thy face to shine.
- 3 Let me, thy poor weak servant, claim
An interest in thy glorious name ;
My father, master, all divine !
Upon me make thy face to shine.
- 4 Often dejected, low, and poor,
I sigh my heart-felt sorrows o'er ;
No light can reach my soul, but thine ;
O, on me make thy face to shine.
- 5 Thro' all my pilgrimage below
Thy gracious presence, Lord, bestow ;

- No soul can need it more than mine;
O, on me make thy face to shine.
- 6 Nor less, in death's important hour,
Grant me thy presence and thy pow'r;
That, when I shall my soul resign,
Thy face upon me, Lord, may shine.
- 7 Then, when I've reach'd my blissful home,
Where fear and darkness never come;
In beams all glorious and divine,
Thy face shall ever on me shine.

✓ H Y M N CCXVII.

God be merciful to me, a Sinner. Luke, xviii. 13.

- 1 HEAR, gracious God! a sinner's cry,
For I have nowhere else to fly;
My hope, my only hope's in thee,
"O God, be merciful to me!"
- 2 To thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at thy door;
Indeed, I've nowhere else to flee;
O God, be merciful to me!
- 3 To thee I come, a sinner weak,
And scarce know how to pray or speak;
From fear and weakness set me free;
O God, be merciful to me!
- 4 To thee I come, a sinner vile;
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile;

Mercy

Mercy alone I make my plea ;
O God, be merciful to me !

- 5 To thee I come, a sinner great,
And well thou knowest all my state;
Yet full forgiveness is with thee;
O God, be merciful to me !
- 6 To thee I come, a sinner lost,
Nor have I aught wherein to trust ;
But where thou art, Lord, I would be ;
O God, be merciful to me !
- 7 To glory bring me, Lord, at last ;
And there, when all my fears are past,
With all the saints I'll then agree
God has been merciful to me.

✓ H Y M N. CCXVIII.

(There the Wicked cease, &c. Job, iii. 17.

- 1 **D E A T H** and the grave are doleful themes,
For sinful mortal worms to sing,
Except a Saviour's sweeter beams
Dispel the gloom, and touch the string.
- 2 Death, awful sound ! the fruit of sin,
Curse and dishonour of our race,
Who, except **J E S U S** smiles within,
Can look the monster in the face ?
- 3 Yet, dearest Lord ! when view'd in thee,
The monster loses all his dread ;
There all his frightful horrors flee,
And joy surrounds a dying bed.

N 5

4 **J E S U S,**

- 4 JESUS, the mighty Saviour, lives,
And he has conquer'd death and hell ;
This truth substantial comfort gives,
And dying faints can sing, " 'tis well."
- 5 This makes the grave a favour'd spot,
To faints its deepest gloom is blest'd ;
For " there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest."
- 6 Saints in their graves lie down in peace,
No more by sin or hell oppress'd ;
The wicked there from troubling cease,
And there the weary are at rest.
- 7 At rest in JESUS faithful arms,
At rest, as in a peaceful bed ;
Secure from all the dreadful storms,
Which round this sinful world are spread.
- 8 Thrice happy souls, who're gone before
To that inheritance divine !
They labour, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.
- 9 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow ;
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go.
- 10 There shall we join the blissful throng,
And meet our pious friends again ;
And all eternity along
To JESUS sing, and with him reign.

H Y M N CCXIX.

My Presence shall go with thee, and I will give
thee Rest. Exodus, xxxiii. 14.

- 1 T H U S to each faint, while here below,
Has God his love express'd :
“ My presence still shall with thee go,
And I will give thee rest.”
- 2 This, as thy comfort, thou shalt know,
The sweetest, and the best :
My presence still shall with thee go,
And I will give thee rest.
- 3 Tho' with affliction's swelling tide
Thou sorely art oppress'd,
My presence shall with thee abide,
And I will give thee rest.
- 4 Tho' fierce temptations round thee flow,
And fears thy soul invest ;
Still shall my presence with thee go,
And I will give thee rest.
- 5 Thro' all thy pilgrimage below,
Thou surely shalt be bless'd ;
Thus shall my presence with thee go,
And I will give thee rest.
- 6 When death, to call thee, shall appear,
Still lean upon my breast ;
My presence shall support thee there,
And I will give thee rest.

- 7 Then let his praise be our employ,
Till we're of heav'n possess'd ;
His presence there shall we enjoy,
And there he'll give us rest.

.. H Y M N CCXX.

For the Mountains shall depart, and the Hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee; neither shall the Covenant of my Peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath Mercy on thee.
Isaiah, liv. 10.

- 1 MY soul, with pleasure now attend
Jehovah's gracious voice ;
In him, thy father, and thy friend,
Unfeignedly rejoice.
- 2 Yes, 'tis his promise that declares
The kindness of his heart,
Which, notwithstanding all thy fears,
Shall ne'er from him depart.
- 3 What kindness this to one like me,
So wretched, vile, and poor !
Kindness, so sovereign, and so free,
For ever I'll adore.
- 4 Yes, such his rich, his glorious grace,
To all whom he has lov'd,
He says, " the cov'nant of his peace,
Shall never be remov'd."
- 5 Bless'd

- 5 Bless'd Cov'nant ! here my soul relies,
With all my wants and woes ;
From hence alone I fetch supplies,
To conquer fears and foes.
- 6 Here then I'll fix my stedfast faith,
And here my comfort see ;
Since 'tis the Lord Jehovah faith
" He mercy hath on thee."
- 7 Let me in heav'n enjoy thy love,
And there, with raptures strong,
Thy kindness, and thy cov'nant prove
My everlasting song.

H Y M N CCXXI.

He that overcometh shall inherit all Things, and I will
be his God, and he shall be my Son. Rev. xxi. 7.

- 1 T H Y praise, my Saviour, God, and King,
My soul with joy assumes ;
While I the various blessings sing
Of him that overcomes.
- 2 " He shall inherit, and shall prove
All things that I have done ;
And I will be his God of love,
And he shall be my son."
- 3 He shall be strengthen'd day by day,
His heavenly race to run ;
I'll be his God thro' all the way,
And he shall be my son.
- 4 His

- 4 His ev'ry want shall be supply'd
From me, and me alone ;
I'll be his God, whate'er betide,
And he shall be my son.
- 5 O'er all his foes he shall prevail,
And vict'ry shall be won ;
I'll be his God, nor shall he fail,
And he shall be my son.
- 6 Him for myself will I prepare,
And seat him on my throne ;
I'll be his God for ever there,
And he shall be my son.
- 7 Thus will I perfect by my pow'r
What in him I've begun ;
I'll be his God for evermore,
And he shall be my son.

✓ H Y M N CCXXII.

Be still, and know that I am God. Psalm xlv. 10.

- 1 LET me, thou sov'reign Lord of all,
Low at thy footstool humbly fall ;
And, while I feel affliction's rod,
" Be still, and know that thou art God."
- 2 When, or wherever thou shalt smite,
I'll own thee kind, I'll own thee right ;
And underneath the heaviest load
Be still, and know that thou art God.

- 3 Dost thou my earthly comforts slay,
And take beloved ones away,
Yet will my soul revere thy rod,
Be still, and know that thou art God.
- 4 Then be my trials great or small,
There's sure a needs-be for them all ;
Thus then thy dealings I'll applaud,
Be still, and know that thou art God.
- 5 Let me not murmur, nor repine
Under these trying strokes of thine ;
But, while I walk the mournful road,
Be still, and know that thou art God.
- 6 Still let this truth support my mind :
Thou can'st not err, nor be unkind ;
And thus may I improve the rod,
Be still, and know that thou art God.
- 7 Thy love thou'lt make in heav'n appear,
In all I've borne, or suffer'd here ;
Let me, till brought to that abode,
Be still, and know that thou art God.
- 8 There, when my happy soul shall rise
To joys, and JESUS in the skies,
I shall, as ransom'd by his blood,
For ever sing, " thou art my God."

H Y M N CCXXIII.

Thou art my God, and I will praise thee.

Pſalm cxviii. 28.

- 1 ETERNAL Sovereign, Lord of all !
Prostrate before thy throne I fall ;
While here my claim and song I raise,
“ Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.”
- 2 Hence all my comfort, safety, peace,
And all those joys, which never cease ;
Thou life and strength of all my ways,
Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.
- 3 In all my trials, and my fears,
In all my sorrows, and my tears ;
In all my dark and gloomy days,
Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.
- 4 But, O, what heart or tongue can tell,
What glories in this passage dwell ?
My soul on this foundation stays :
Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.
- 5 Be this on earth my sweet support,
My treasure, pleasure, and resort ;
This be my joy thro' death's dark maze :
Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.
- 6 Be this my glory, when I rise
To that bright world above the skies ;
For ever there this song I'll raise :
“ Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise.”

H Y M N CCXXIV.

O thou of little Faith, wherefore didst thou doubt ?

Matt. xiv. 31.

- 1 THUS the Redeemer kindly saith,
When fears are round about,
“ Thou trembling soul, of little faith,
O wherefore dost thou doubt ? ”
- 2 What ! tho’ the fiery raging storm
Attends thy path throughout,
He thy deliv’rance will perform ;
Then wherefore dost thou doubt ?
- 3 Tho’ thou’rt amidst the swelling waves,
Within and from without,
Yield not to fear, ’tis JESUS saves ;
Then wherefore dost thou doubt ?
- 4 Tho’ thou art sinking in the seas,
See his kind hand stretch’d out,
To save thee, and the storm appease ;
Then wherefore dost thou doubt ?
- 5 Him thy deliv’rer thou shalt prove,
Nor will he cast thee out ;
Then plead his pow’r, and trust his love,
And never, never doubt.
- 6 His purposes of sov’reign grace
To thee he’ll bring about ;
And thou in heaven shalt see his face ;
Then never, never doubt.
- 7 There

- 7 There thou on glory's blissful shore
Triumphantly shalt shout ;
And his unchanging love adore,
And never more shalt doubt.

H Y M N CCXXV.

Is not this a Brand plucked out of the Fire ?
Zech. iii. 2.

- 1 OF JESUS I sing,
Now reigning above ;
And to him I bring
This tribute of love :
For, O, I desire
His love to commend,
Who me " from the fire
Pluck'd out as a brand."
- 2 He saw the disgrace
And shame I lay in ;
Yet mercy took place,
And pardon'd my sin :
Sure I must admire
The wonderful hand,
Which me from the fire
Pluck'd out as a brand.
- 3 Polluted and black
With horrible guilt,
Yet he for my sake
His precious blood spilt ;

My

My soul, now aspire,
To praise the dear friend,
Who thee from the fire
Pluck'd out as a brand.

4 O, what hath he done,
My soul to set free !
Of sinners not one
More favour'd than me ;
Well may he require
My heart and my hand,
Who me from the fire
Pluck'd out as a brand.

5 Still, Lord, let me live,
Thy mercy to prove ;
And still to me give
Supplies from above ;
To thee my desire
Shall daily ascend,
Who me from the fire
Pluck'd out as a brand.

6 The time will soon come,
When I shall appear
In heaven, my home,
And worship thee there ;
In glorious attire,
Before thee I'll stand,
Who me from the fire
Pluck'd out as a brand.

H Y M N CCXXVI.

Your Body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost.

1 Cor. vi. 19.

- 1 **P**ROFESSED followers of the Lamb,
Hark to his Word, and bless his name ;
Your bodies, if in him you trust,
Are " temples of the Holy Ghost."
- 2 Let this important, solemn truth
Dwell on your minds, in age, and youth ;
Be this your honour, and your boast :
You're temples of the Holy Ghost.
- 3 As such, let all your conduct be
From lust, and pride, and folly, free ;
Remember what your bodies cost,
As temples of the Holy Ghost.
- 4 Let gravity and holiness,
A modest, plain, and decent dress,
And Christ's bright robes adorn you most,
As temples of the Holy Ghost.
- 5 Set his example in your view,
Be this the pattern you pursue ;
Think, as his body, so yours must
Be temples of the Holy Ghost.
- 6 Ere long your happy change will come,
And death will bring your spirits home ;
And Christ shall guard your sleeping dust,
As temples of the Holy Ghost.

- 7 When the last trumpet shakes the skies,
Bright shall your bodies then arise,
And joyful join the heavenly host,
As temples of the Holy Ghost.

H Y M N CCXXVII.

And upon this Rock, &c. Matt. xvi. 18.

- 1 YE to whose souls the Saviour's dear,
In songs of love and praise draw near;
Let every cheerful passion wake,
While on your tongues his name you take:
- 2 On him alone his church is built;
He, only he, absolves from guilt;
To him alone our praise we bring,
And him, the great Foundation, sing:
- 3 In him salvation stands secure;
This strong foundation must endure;
Stronger than death his love is known,
Nor can his church be overthrown.
- 4 In the eternal plan of grace
He undertook our wretched case;
Love how amazing, how divine,
Throughout the whole transaction shine!
- 5 He is the "Rock" believers have,
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
He stoop'd to take our flesh and blood,
The wond'rous Man, th' incarnate God!

- 6 In vain combined hosts assail,
Nor shall the gates of hell prevail ;
Nor force, nor fraud, the building shock,
Founded on him, the Eternal Rock.
- 7 Let others trust what saints they please,
We've no such advocates as these ;
JESUS is Lord, and God, and King,
And him will we for ever sing.
- 8 To JESUS let our songs abound,
And bless his name in sweetest sound ;
Be this our song, till him we view,
And this our theme in glory too.

H Y M N CCXXVIII.

For he is thy Lord, and worship thou him.
Psalm xlv. 11.

- 1 O N C E more, dear brethren, join to sing
Jesus, our God, our heavenly King ;
His praise proclaim, with sweet accord,
And " worship him, for he's your Lord."
- 2 Unite to shew his glories forth,
Sing of his excellence, and worth ;
His loving-kindness here record,
And worship him, for he's your Lord.
- 3 O, trust and triumph in his name,
JESUS, unchangeable, the same ;
His name shall endless joys afford ;
Then worship him, for he's your Lord.
- 4 O, make

- 4 O, make his praise in all you do
Your blessedness and business too ;
This as your sweet employ regard,
To worship him, for he's your Lord.
- 5 Before him walk in humble faith,
And in him trust in life and death ;
Worthy is he to be ador'd ;
Then worship him, for he's your Lord.
- 6 Tho' from each other here we part,
With him, we trust, we're join'd in heart ;
He's our exceeding great reward,
And him we 'll worship as our Lord.
- 7 Ere long our happy souls shall meet
In glory, boundless and complete ;
And there, according to this Word,
For ever worship him our Lord.

H Y M N CCXXIX.

Let the Children of Zion be joyful in their King.
Psalm cxlix. 2.

- 1 CHILDREN of Zion, come, behold
The crown of glory, not of gold,
On JESUS set ; his praises sing,
" Rejoicing in him as your King,"
- 2 His pow'r adore, and sing his love,
And all his blessings which you prove ;
To him your highest praises bring,
Rejoicing in him as your King.

- 3 Revere his Word, and blefs his name,
And all his glories loud proclaim ;
O, praise him on the highest string,
Rejoicing in him as your King.
- 4 In him let all your powers rejoice,
And praise him both with heart and voice ;
To him let all your souls take wing,
Rejoicing in him as your King.
- 5 Thus praise him, while you here remain ;
Thus praise him, when you glory gain ;
There you before his throne shall sing,
Rejoicing in him as your King.

H Y M N CCXXX.

That Day. 2 Tim. i. 8.

- 1 GREAT Judge of all ! that day will come,
When mortals must receive their doom ;
O, hear our cry, and grant we may
Of thee find mercy in that day.
- 2 That fixed, great, and dreadful day
Will in the heavens thy throne display ;
The trumpet's dreadful blast shall shake
The silent graves, the dead shall wake.
- 3 The awful summons shall go forth
From east to west, from south to north ;
“ Devils, and men, to judgment come,
And hear your everlasting doom ! ”

- 4 The wicked tremble, saints rejoice,
One dreads, the other loves the voice;
The wicked fear, believers sing
The coming of their God and King.
- 5 Think, O my soul, thou must appear,
And pass the judgment at this Bar;
What now does God and conscience say?
Wilt thou find mercy in that day?
- 6 Dost thou, by faith, to JESUS flee?
Is his dear image stamp'd on thee?
If so, let nothing thee dismay,
Thou shalt find mercy in that day.
- 7 Eternal Judge! Almighty Lord!
Seal home, and bless thy solemn Word;
And, O that we poor sinners may
Of thee find mercy in that day.

H Y M N CCXXXI.

The Devils also believe, and tremble. James, ii. 19.

- 1 B E F O R E Jehovah bow the knee,
Him let our souls adore;
The One great God, in persons Three,
Who reigns for evermore!
- 2 Devils believe, and tremble too,
But devils still remain;
Their minds were never form'd anew,
Nor are they born again.

- 3 So Christless sinners may believe
There is no God but one;
This truth, their judgments may perceive
By nature's light alone :
- 4 But to believe this God is love,
And humbly call him mine;
This precious faith comes from above,
Is heavenly, and divine.
- 5 The saints, in songs for ever new,
Their humble tribute bring;
Devils believe, and tremble too,
But devils cannot sing.
- 6 The saints before his throne, in prayer,
Their daily wants display;
Devils believe, and tremble there,
But devils cannot pray.

PART SECOND.

- 7 To God, who lives and reigns on high,
The saint's best passions move;
Devils believe, and trembling lie,
But devils cannot love.
- 8 A humble, penitential heart,
Makes saints for sin lament;
But devils would from God depart,
For they cannot repent.

- 9 For faith, and love, and ev'ry grace
The saints to God look up;
While devils tremble at his face,
For devils cannot hope.
- 10 What then will such a faith avail,
Which devils may possess?
The hopes and hearts of such must fail
In darkness and distress.
- 11 Give me that faith, O God of Grace!
Which purifies the heart;
Which works by love and holiness,
Nor will from thee depart.
- 12 In this sweet grace may I excel,
And in it live and die;
While trembling devils, down in hell,
In chains of darkness lie.

H Y M N CCXXXII.

But the God of all Grace, who hath called us unto
his eternal Glory by CHRIST JESUS, after that ye
have suffered awhile, make you perfect, 'stablish,
strengthen, settle you.
To him be Glory and Dominion for ever and ever.
Amen. 1 Pet. v. 10, 11.

- 1 Now to the God of sovereign Grace,
Supremely good and great;
Our hearts and voices here we'll raise,
His praise to celebrate.

- 2 He to eternal glory calls
His saints, by grace divine;
And they, thro' Christ, for ever shall
With him in glory shine.
- 3 Tho' here they suffer for awhile,
From Satan, sin, and fear,
They shall, at last, in glory dwell
Triumphant with him there.
- 4 He'll perfect in them all his love,
And 'stablish them with grace;
His strength, in weakness, they shall prove,
And settled be in peace.
- 5 To him be endless glory sung,
Dominion, praise, and pow'r,
From ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue
Henceforth, and evermore.

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